

WITH PRESENTATION PLATE: "GOOD COMPANIONS"—by A. W. DEVIS.

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

CHRISTMAS NUMBER 1936





BY APPOINTMENT

*You'll be glad*  
YOU BOUGHT  
**CHIVERS**

—when your guests express their appreciation of your wise selection  
—when grateful letters arrive from friends or relatives abroad—you'll be glad you bought CHIVERS.

In addition to the products illustrated below, Chivers can a wide range of English Fruits and Vegetables, all conforming to Chivers high standard of quality.

MADE IN THE COUNTRY AT THE ORCHARD FACTORY, HISTON, CAMBRIDGE



Two hours from London there are palms and vines, a silver-sanded shore with a bay as blue in the sunshine as the waters round Capri. In a wood

of pines, as perfect as any in Picardy, there is one of Europe's foremost hotels, gay as the gayest London restaurants, infinitely more lovely and glamorous than any. But perhaps you have already guessed the place we mean . . .

## BRANKSOME TOWER HOTEL



B O U R N E M O U T H

**Gifts**  
*that you can choose with confidence  
...that he can wear with assurance*

This Christmas give him "Van Heusen" Semi-Stiff Collars. He's sure to appreciate them because "Van Heusen" are so serviceable, so smart, so *correct* at all times.

What's more, it's the gift that he would choose for himself—what better recommendation could you have?

*Give*  
**"VAN HEUSEN"**  
SEMI-STIFF COLLARS

Price **1/3** each.

Ask also for "VAN HEUSEN" "COUNTRY" & "COLLARITE" SHIRTS for Week-End and Sports wear.  
ENTIRELY BRITISH

The leading Men's Wear Shops and Outfitters stock "Van Heusen" Collars in a wide range of shapes in white and coloured designs.

Sole Manufacturers:  
HARDING TILTON & HARTLEY LTD., King's House, Haymarket, London, S.W.1.

## THE LIQUEUR OF A PRINCE



Romance clings about the history of Drambuie, first brought to Scotland almost two hundred years ago by a follower of Prince Charlie. It was then the drink of Princes and Lords, valued for its rarity and its excellence. To-day, manufactured by descendants of the family to whom the recipe was given so long ago, Drambuie retains its pre-eminence on the table of the connoisseur. Obtainable in all first-class establishments.

*Packed in Tartan Boxes, ready to post, it makes an ideal and unique Christmas Gift.*

THE PERFECT COCKTAIL CONTAINS DRAMBUIE

Prince Charlie Cocktail  
1/3 each Drambuie,  
Cognac, Lemon Juice

Isle of Skye Cocktail,  
1/3 each Lemon Juice,  
Drambuie, Gin

# Drambuie

LIQUEUR Co., Ltd., 8 & 9 Union Street, Edinburgh



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SNELGROVE**  
**OXFORD STREET**  
**W.1.**

Telephone:  
MAYfair 6600

*A Wrapper is a  
dainty Gift that  
a woman will prize*

**C**HRISTMAS cheers for a Marshall & Snelgrove negligée! Whether you wish to spend less than two pounds or more than ten, make the most of your money by coming to Marshall's. Every garment we sell has glamour, quality and unmistakable chic. Incidentally, we have hosts of little Bed Jackets which make very acceptable gifts for invalids

**15  
GUINEAS**

**L**OUNGE luxuriously in this sleek Satin Negligée, which is lined through with triple Ninon. Our designer has used lots and lots of Marabout—for the whole of the sleeves, the wide flounce and the collar. This model is made in a wonderful shade of blue, and we had the Marabout specially dyed to match it. We will copy it for you in any colour at the same price

Our Collection of Exclusive Gifts is one of the finest to be seen. Write for a copy of our Christmas Book, which contains hundreds of useful Gift ideas

**49/6**

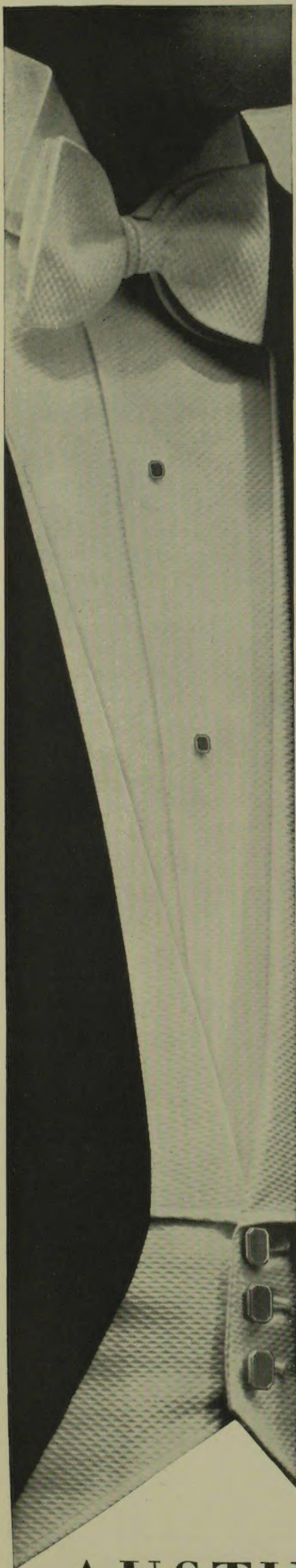
**29/6**

**H**ERE is silken luxury combined with cosy comfort. This very dainty Wrap is in good quality crêpe-de-chine, lined with nunsveiling to match. An idea you'll adore! The beautiful trimming is of ecru lace. The colours are rose, peach, sky, turquoise and nil

**Y**ES, this delightful little Bed Jacket is in satin, but we've lined it with nunsveiling to keep out Winter's chills. With a long, generous sleeve, it is trimmed with ecru lace. In pink, peach, turquoise, ivory, sky, apricot and nil. We think it's grand value!

Sent on approval





## ALL CORRECT

Evening Dress must be up-to-the-minute in correctness of detail and at the same time completely comfortable. That is why our new white waistcoats are made in a choice of three depths of front in each fitting (from 10/6) and our latest evening shirts with three sleeve lengths and three depths of front in each collar size (from 10/6). That is why we make six styles of dress collar in  $\frac{1}{4}$  sizes (8/6 a dozen) and dress ties (from 1/6) in styles to fit any size of collar. Such refinement of detail makes certain that Austin Reed dress clothes are comfortable, correct and inexpensive.

# AUSTIN REED

OF REGENT STREET

London and Principal Cities



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THE GIFT WHICH GIVES years of pleasure—the happiest gift you could give. Its job in life is to make a record of every happy incident—and this it does supremely well. Travel, sports, portraiture, landscape, telephoto work, snapshots day or night, indoors or out; automatic focusing coupled to all interchangeable lenses; focal plane shutter speeded from 1 sec. to 1/1000th; with separate setting for slow and fast speeds to avoid confusion when working in the dark; up to 36 pictures at one loading; F/2 Summar lens; small, light; handsome chromium finish. Complete outfit ready for photographing straight away, including Leica IIIa with F/2 Summar lens and ever ready case and three 36 exp. films £44. 18. 6 Other models from £16. 19. 0.

*Generous allowances for your own apparatus. Instalments if desired.*

*Ask for particulars of special facilities for Leica users including free insurance.*



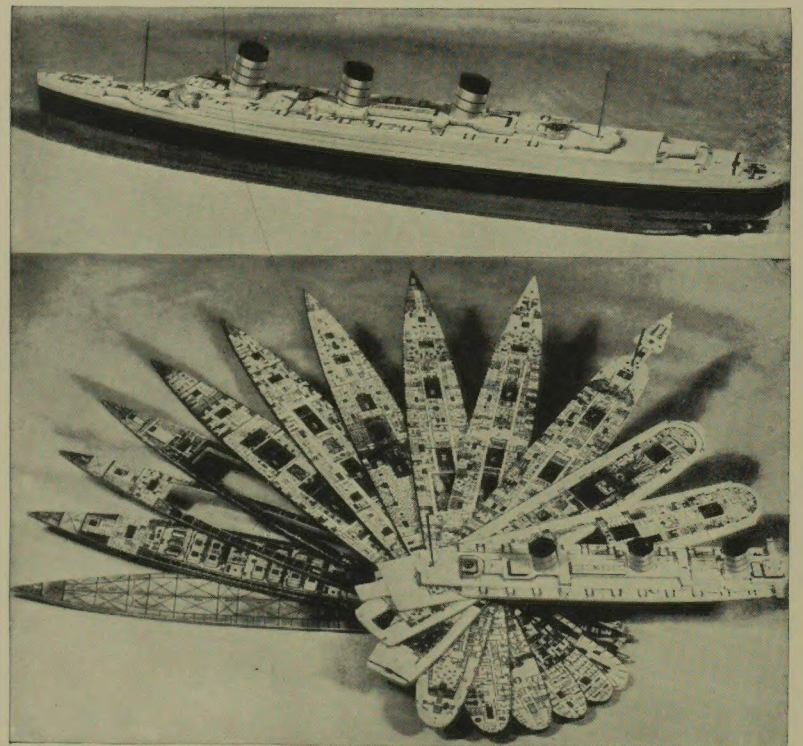
## WALLACE HEATON LTD.

*The Leica Specialists*

127, NEW BOND ST., LONDON. W.1.  
47 BERKELEY ST. W.1. 43 KENSINGTON HIGH ST. W.8.

## UNIQUE "TAKE TO PIECES" COLOURED MODEL OF R.M.S. "QUEEN MARY"

Designed by G. H. DAVIS, the special artist of "The Illustrated London News"



**All 12 Decks Removable, Revealing Every  
Item of the Ship's Wonderful Interior**

The Model, 12 ins. long, together with a numbered list of all the interesting features of the ship is available in an attractive box, price 3/6; postage and packing Inland, 9d. extra; Elsewhere Abroad, 2/6 extra

*Orders with remittance should be sent to:—*

**THE LONDON ELECTROTYPE AGENCY LTD., (Dept. 4),  
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BY APPOINTMENT  
**THEODORE HAMBLIN LTD**  
DISPENSING OPTICIANS  
MAKERS OF SPECTACLES TO  
SURGEONS PRESCRIPTIONS ONLY

"FULL-FIELD" SPECTACLES  
FOR ALL SPORTS



The shape of Hamblin's "Full Field" Spectacles makes possible the wide field of view so essential in sports of all kinds. With the more ordinary round or oval lenses unobstructed vision is not possible at extreme angles, the rim of the frame invariably coinciding with just the line of vision required.

*In the interests of the public, Theodore Hamblin, Ltd., would like to point out that the importance of absolute accuracy of prescription is becoming more and more recognised as a necessity in coping with the exigencies of modern life, and that this can only be obtained with confidence from an Ophthalmic Surgeon. Theodore Hamblin, Ltd., only dispense prescriptions so acquired.*

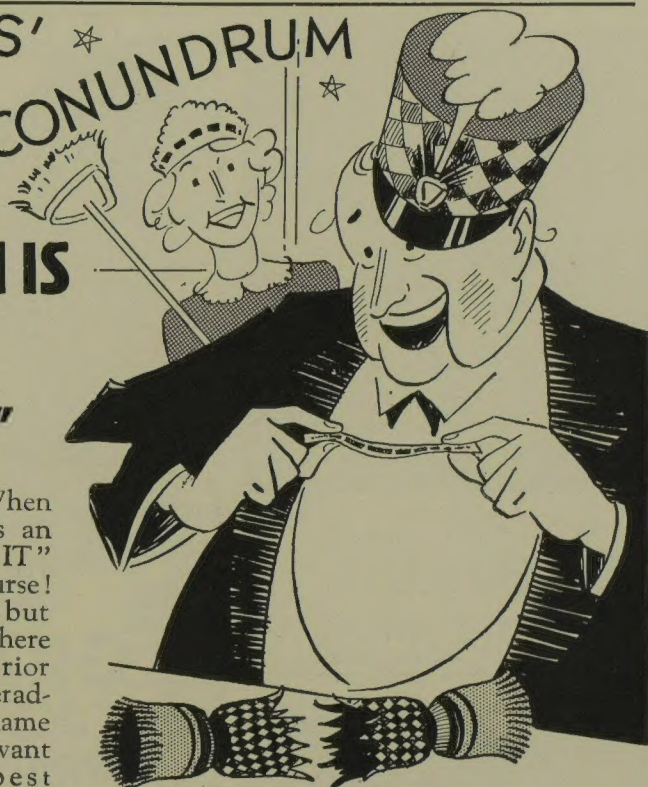
An illustrated brochure will be sent on application.

**15, WIGMORE STREET  
LONDON, W.1.  
AND PROVINCES**

CHARLES' ★  
XMAS CONUNDRUM ★

"WHEN IS  
'IT'  
BEST"

Ha! Ha! Sir. When is it best? That's an easy one. When "IT" is Martini, of course! It's unfortunate but true, Sir, that there are lots of inferior vermouths masquerading under the name "IT." So—if you want the world's best Vermouth, insist on Martini—it is a splendid aid to digestion and you will be surprised at the wonderful difference it makes to your health!



*MARTINI is so essential to Christmas Entertaining. A Plain Martini or a Martini added to a Cocktail is the ideal prologue to the meal.*

**WHEN 'IT' IS  
MARTINI  
VERMOUTH**

SWEET 4/6 per litre From Wine Merchants Everywhere. DRY 5/6 per litre Look for the name on the label.  
**MARTINI & ROSSI, TORINO, PARIS, BARCELONA.**



**exquisitely beau-  
tiful model cape  
fashioned of whole  
skin white foxes  
125 guineas**

**FUR DEPT.**

**Debenham & Freebody**

Wigmore Street, W.1

(Debenhams Ltd.)



# CARR'S

## TABLE WATER BISCUITS



Perfect with Cheese..  
Perfect with Butter...  
..with a glass of Wine or alone



MADE ONLY BY  
**CARR'S**  
OF CARLISLE  
ENGLAND

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Give Him . . .  
"HAWICO"

### PURE WOOL UNDERWEAR

Made in Scotland of the finest quality wool and woven to its careful fitting. Soft and kind to the most sensitive skin, and giving glowing warmth without weight. From

**10/6**

Each Garment

Sizes 34 ins. to 42 ins.

Will withstand countless washings.



NAME OF NEAREST AGENT FROM

**"HAWICO" DEPT. "G"**

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## JUBILEE SET



### STAMPS (COMPLETE)

A BEAUTIFUL XMAS PRESENT

A FINE INVESTMENT

contains 249 Picturesque Stamps from the 62 Crown Colonies and Dominions in fine postally used condition.

Price Complete **£27.10**

Postally used blocks of 4, £135

Mint, £19 10s. Complete. Blocks of 4, £80.

NEW KING EDWARD VIII STAMPS

Join our NEW ISSUE SERVICE and make sure of receiving all the NEW SETS as they are issued. Full particulars on request

We issue a complete Jubilee list of the 249 Jubilee stamps in used condition. PRICED SINGLY, and in SETS, also Varieties.

Write for this List if you need any sets or singles to complete your Jubilee collection

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Rystad

## SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

removed rapidly and for ever in one treatment by new Diathermic method. Genuinely guaranteed that hair never regrows. Special Home Treatment. (not a depilatory), 35 francs or 10/-, sent post free.

**LILLIAN GRANT,**

Write, call or 'phone: Littre 24.72  
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Write only:—  
13, River Way,  
Ewell, Surrey.

Advertisers would appreciate your mentioning

**The Illustrated**

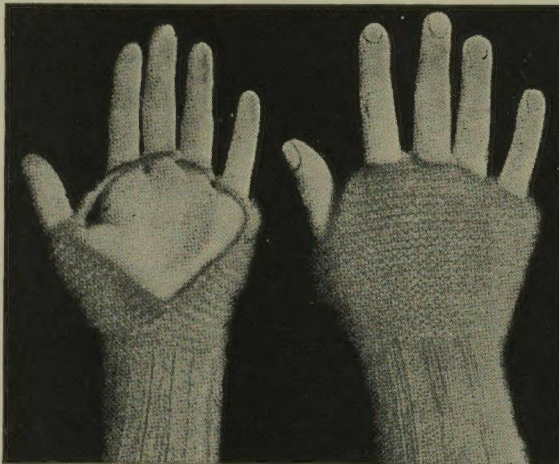
**London News**

when replying to their announcements

## MORGAN & BALL GOLF MITTS

FOR

GOLF, FISHING, SHOOTING, WINTER TENNIS, GARDENING, AND OUTDOOR USE IN COLD WEATHER, LEAVE THE FINGERS AND GRIP FREE, BUT KEEP THE HANDS AND WRISTS WARM AND SUPPLE.



ANGORA **6/6** ALL WOOL **2/6**

**MORGAN & BALL**

53, 54 & 55, PICCADILLY, W.





### ROMAN HYACINTH BATH ESSENCE

(A few drops sprinkled into the bath will soften the water and leave a delicate and lasting perfume).

**FLORIS**  
89, JERMYN ST  
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"Grant's Morella Cherry Brandy has the secret of exquisiteness. With it, you reach perfection in home entertaining."

*Little Lady Liqueur*

*"Share my Secret"*

Welcome Always  
Keep it Handy—

**GRANT'S**  
MORELLA  
**CHERRY BRANDY**

QUEEN'S SWEET - SPORTSMAN'S DRY

## WEIRD STORIES

A most entertaining book of mystery and the Occult, containing more than sixty short stories of absorbing interest relating weird personal experiences, all written by responsible people in good faith, 200 PAGES IN CLOTH - BOUND COVER

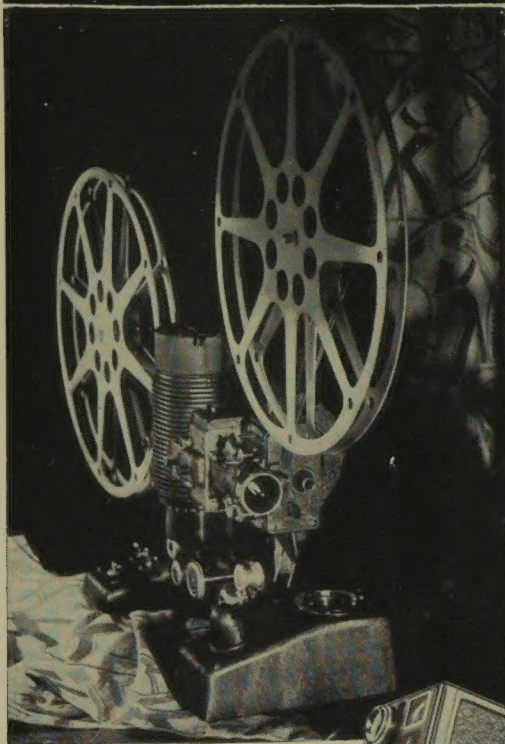
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*Best to give...*  
**FILMO** HOME MOVIE APPARATUS



To the lover of movie-making, or the man who has not yet tasted its thrills, appreciation of Filmo is spontaneous. A Filmo camera for making professional-like movies—a Filmo projector for showing them in true professional style—both doing their share to uphold the festive spirit of Christmas.

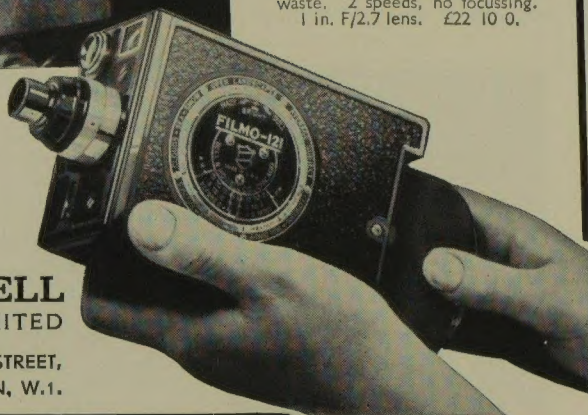
*At left.* Filmo '129' 16mm Projector gives unbelievable brilliance in performance, 1600 ft. reels for a one hour show without a stop. With interchangeable lenses suitable for any size room. Fast power rewind. Quick tilt. Reverses and stills. Pilot light. Quite portable. £60 0 0.

*Below.* Filmo '121'—the magazine loading 16mm camera, light and small, black and white and colour film can be interchanged without waste. 2 speeds, no focussing. 1 in. F/2.7 lens. £22 10 0.

See the complete range of Filmo 8 and 16mm movie apparatus and 16mm Home Talkies at any high-class photographic dealers or call at

**BELL & HOWELL**  
COMPANY LIMITED

13 and 14 GT. CASTLE STREET,  
OXFORD CIRCUS, LONDON, W.1.



**AN 'ASPRO' MESSAGE TO FLU & COLD SUFFERERS**



If you have NOT a cold this message will not interest you—until you have one. If you HAVE a cold then the 'ASPRO' message is most important, as it tells you that YOU CAN STOP A COLD IN ONE NIGHT BY TAKING 'ASPRO' TABLETS. Furthermore, you can get rid of the sneezing, sniffing, giddiness and

"groggy" feeling due to the feverishness accompanying the cold. Hundreds of thousands of sufferers could tell you that two 'ASPRO' tablets and a hot lemon drink will definitely smash up a cold or 'flu attack in one night. 'ASPRO' does not harm either the stomach or the heart. So, you see, you can get results and you need have no fear of any harmful effects. Remember,

**COLD TIME IS 'ASPRO' TIME**

TRY 'ASPRO' FOR

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetyl-salicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

Made in England by  
**ASPRO Limited**  
 SLOUGH, BUCKS.

Telephone: SLOUGH 608  
 No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

ALL LEADING CHEMISTS AND STORES  
 STOCK AND DISPLAY 'ASPRO'

PRICES WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL **3d. 6d. 1/3 & 2/6**

INFLUENZA  
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COLDS  
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 NEURITIS  
 HAY FEVER  
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RHEUMATISM  
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 AFTER EFFECTS  
 PAINS PECULIAR  
 TO WOMEN  
 MALARIA  
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**ASPRO**  
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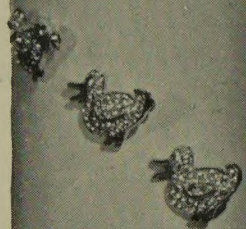
**by Harvey Nichols!**



ANY girl would love this jingle bell bracelet, in gold or silver-coloured metal - - - 10/-



THIS pair of gilt dachshunds with glittering marquise collars, makes a fine brooch - - - 10/-



THREE little sparkling paste ducks, with red enamel beaks, are an unusual dress trimming. 3 for 10/-



THIS wooden gun brooch is hand-carved. Any of your sporting friends would covet it - - - 10/-



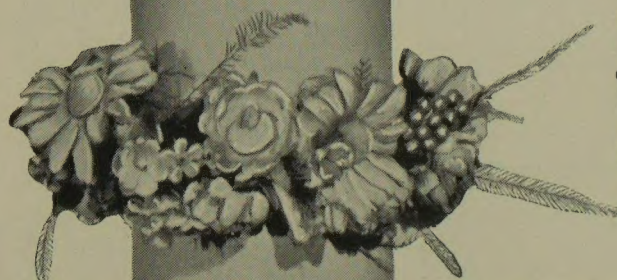
OSIRIS clip in gold and bronze-finished metal, is a very quaint example of Egyptian jewelry 10/-



GOLD and bronze-finished metal scarab clip makes a useful as well as decorative present - 10/-



ISN'T this lotus flower attractive? Like the rest of our Egyptian jewelry, it's made in gold and bronze-finished metal 10/-



ROSEBUDS, daisies, forget-me-nots and delicate fern are sewn on to a silver lamé band to make this colourful bracelet 10/-

**Harvey Nichols & Co. Ltd.**  
 London, S.W.1. Sloane 3440



# WAIFS & STRAYS SOCIETY

WILL YOU  
BE THEIR  
**SANTA  
CLAUS?**

**10/-**  
WILL FEED  
TWO CHILDREN  
FOR A WEEK  
AT  
CHRISTMAS

**4,500** BABIES · BOYS · GIRLS & CRIPPLES  
NOW IN OUR HOMES

*The smallest GIFT gratefully received by  
The SECRETARY, OLD TOWN HALL, KENNINGTON, S.E.11*

## WORK—

## NOT CHARITY

In fourteen seasons the League has definitely enabled 15,211 men to take up work, in addition to employing 2,301 itself on special constructive schemes of its own.

We guarantee that all money sent in direct response to this advertisement will be wholly expended in wages.

YOUR CONTRIBUTION,  
however small, will be  
gratefully received by:

The Hon. Treasurer,  
Sir Francis Goodenough,  
C.B.E.,  
Winter Distress League,

23 Bedford Row,  
London, W.C.1.

Tel.: Chancery 7140.

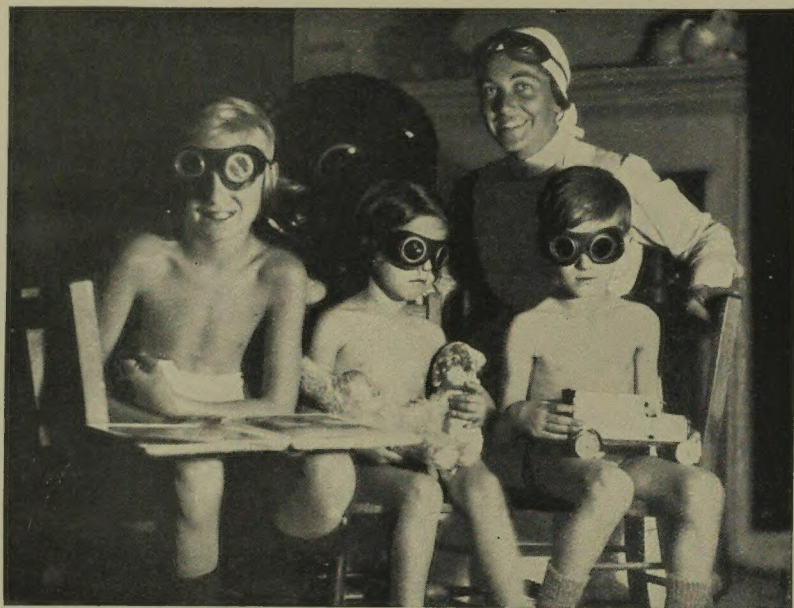
Please help us to  
help such as these.

## CHRISTMAS BENEVOLENCE—ITS BEST EXPRESSION.

CHRISTMAS is essentially a time of "well-wishing," and our readers may desire to express the spirit of benevolence in the form of a gift to those who are in want of their help. The first name on our list of the charities which would welcome assistance is the East End Mission. Work for the needy is carried on at seven centres all the year round; on weekdays as well as on Sundays. While the Mission never neglects to care for adults, it concentrates the greater part of its endeavours on the children. During the trying months of winter, 53,000 free breakfasts are provided for hungry East End youngsters; Christmas treats are given to 17,000 little ones; and six doctors at two dispensaries see 2200 patients every week. During the summer months 17,000 boys and girls are given a day at the seaside. Donations should be addressed to the Rev. Percy Ineson, Superintendent, Stepney Central Hall, 583, Commercial Road, London, E.1.

In August 1936 there were still 1,613,940 registered unemployed, and the best Christmas present these could have would be a job! How can you help? The Winter Distress League exists to aid you in aiding the unemployed. The best method is for a subscriber to select one man from several cases and undertake to pay him a wage for a period of days, weeks, or months. The subscriber then receives regular reports of the family's hopes, needs, and so forth, the man selected being aware that he has a special friend. This year fifteen men were "adopted" in this way. During the past fourteen winter seasons the League has given work to 2301 men and enabled 15,211 to take up work, while 1437 "underfed" children have been sent to the country for a prolonged stay. Contributions should be sent to Miss Neville, The Winter Distress League, 23, Bedford Row, W.C.1.

For ninety-four years the Field Lane Institution, standing almost upon the boundary-line of London City, has employed itself in saving the destitute and hungry from complete despair. The Institution maintains a Free Refuge where, last year, 813 men, obtained food,



BUILDING UP WASTED BODIES: FRAIL CHILDREN UNDERGOING SUN-RAY TREATMENT AT THE EAST END MISSION.

a bed, and a bath, and an opportunity of smartening themselves up after their time on the road as homeless wanderers; 357 men were placed in, or assisted to, employment and there were 12,026 attendances at the crèche run by the Institution. At Christmas 1804 parcels and 249 bags of coal were given to poor families and 750 dinners were served at the Institution. Special help is given in cases of distress, sickness and want. The cost of carrying on the Institution's regular work amounts to nearly £5000 a year. Please send your gifts to the Secretary, Field Lane Institution, Vine Street, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.



## Make your Christmas Happy by making these cripples happy

John Groom's Crippleage, incorporated by the great Earl of Shaftesbury and John A. Groom over 70 years ago, takes helpless cripples from all over the country and trains them to make beautiful artificial flowers of all kinds, including the roses for Queen Alexandra's Rose Day. Such useful employment enables these poor girls to become partially self supporting and to face the world bravely. There are over 300 employed and cared for at Clerkenwell and Edgware. In addition, 200 girls are maintained and trained at their ideal Orphanage, Clacton-on-Sea. The Holiday Homes for cripple girls are also at Clacton.

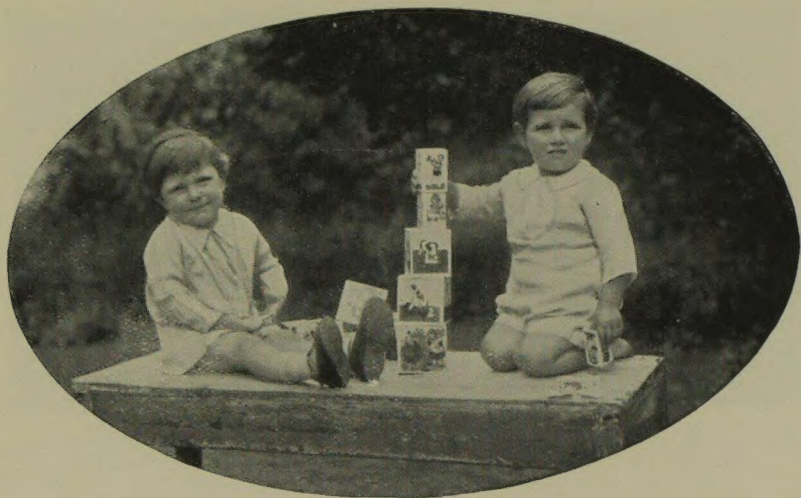
"Never before in thirty years have I seen such a concrete instance of pure mercifulness, no, nor such a lovely one either." *Vide Press.*

**JOHN GROOM'S CRIPPLEAGE**  
AND FLOWER-GIRLS' MISSION (INC.)

To carry on this beneficent work funds are urgently needed—also LEGACIES. Will you help with a subscription? The work can only be maintained by voluntary contributions. Send postcard for interesting literature.  
The Secretary, JOHN GROOM'S CRIPPLEAGE AND FLOWER GIRLS' MISSION (Dept. 25), 37, Sektorde Street, Clerkenwell, London, E.C.1



Why not help Dr. Barnardo's Homes to feed their immense family of 8000 children? The proud slogan of the Homes is "No Destitute Child Ever Refused Admission," and how many there are! Every day 25,000 meals are served and 65,000 slices of bread are cut, and it is only through the generosity of friends of the Homes that each day the problem of providing these meals can be surmounted. Dotted up and down the country, many Homes, hospitals



HAPPY YOUNG MEMBERS OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST FAMILY: TWO OF THE 8000 CHILDREN NOW BEING CARED FOR IN DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES.

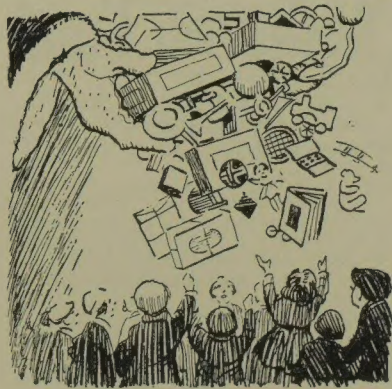
and Special Branches shelter, clothe, feed, and educate the largest family in the world. The Girls' Village Home at Barkingside, Essex, is the biggest of the many Barnardo communities and houses 1500 girls and girl and boy toddlers. At the Boys' Garden City, Woodford Bridge, Essex, 700 boys are gaining health and strength to fit them for jobs when they go out into the world. 1415 children under five years of age are cared for in the Barnardo family. You can help this great work to be carried on by sending a gift to Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 18-26, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

Do not overlook the Royal Northern Hospital. Tucked away "off the map" in the Holloway Road, it is unable to attract much attention to its wants. Yet its needs are greater than most. It is the seventh largest General Hospital in London and serves an area of over seventy square miles with a poor population of more than a million. In eighty years the Hospital has grown enormously, but the demands on its services grow with it. For years it has struggled to reduce its long "in-patient" waiting-list and the handicaps of lack of space, lack of modern equipment, and lack of public support. The Hospital is now appealing for £350,000 for renovations and re-equipment and for the erection of new buildings and extensions. Donations should be addressed to The Chairman of the Special Appeal, Royal Northern Hospital, Holloway, N.7.

Every day the Waifs and Strays Society is helping poor and ill-treated children from all parts of the country. For over half a century it has given homes to more than 40,000. The Society's Homes are all small, and each child has individual care. They are dressed just like other children, they attend the local schools, and belong to local troops of Scouts and Guides. There are 107 Homes all over the country, including special ones for babies and toddlers, of whom there are some hundreds. The children are trained to earn their own living; the girls learn dressmaking, laundry, and domestic work, and the boys are taught printing, carpentry, gardening, and tailoring. Your gift should be sent to the Secretary, The Waifs and Strays Society, Kennington, London, S.E.11.

The Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship are doing great national work preparing over 1100 poor boys and girls to be fit and useful citizens. There are 240 boys in the *Arethusa* Training Ship—a steel barque moored in the Medway near Rochester—training for service in the Royal Navy and the Royal Mercantile Marine. The remaining 900 children are entering civil occupations. Already over 33,500 children have gone from the Society into occupations, with the most marked success. Boys and girls from the age of five are received from poor homes and trained and maintained in schools and homes until they reach an age at which they are able to support themselves. Send what you can to the Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

[Continued overleaf.]



THE GENEROUS HAND

### At Christmas remember,

please, the children in poverty in East London and assist us to provide "Treats" for 17,000. The cost is 2/- each. Aid us also to give 1,200 Christmas parcels to families in urgent need, and a sociable party on Christmas Day to a number of "lonely souls," isolated in life. Kindly send a Christmas gift, large or small, to

The Rev. Percy Ineson, Supt.,

**The East End MISSION**

STEPNEY CENTRAL HALL,  
COMMERCIAL ROAD,  
LONDON, E.1



A  
CHRISTMAS  
GIFT  
to

DR.

**BARNARDO'S  
HOMES**

will make over 8,000 children happier.

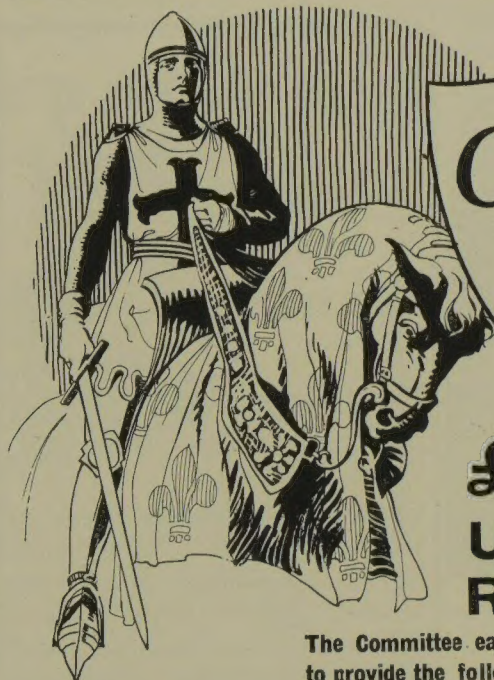
YOU can be sure that your Xmas Gift to Barnardo's will bring real happiness to needy girls and boys.

SEND THEM A

**CHRISTMAS GIFT**  
of 10/-

IT is an experience  
you will enjoy!

Cheques, etc., should be crossed, made payable to Dr. Barnardo's Homes, and forwarded to 92 Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.



*The  
Crusade  
against  
CANCER*

**£150,000  
URGENTLY  
REQUIRED**

The Committee earnestly appeals for £150,000 to provide the following much needed extensions:

- 1 **EXTENSION TO THE RESEARCH INSTITUTE.** The Royal Cancer Hospital Research Institute is one of the leading Cancer Research Centres in the World, but the work needs to be carried out more extensively and intensively.
- 2 **ENLARGEMENT OF WARDS.** The Royal Cancer Hospital was built in 1859. Many of the wards date from that period and must be enlarged and modernized.
- 3 **NURSES' HOME.** A new addition is necessary to provide adequate comfort and rest for the Nursing staff.

Without these necessary and long deferred extensions the work of the Doctors and Scientists must suffer restriction.

PLEASE SEND A CHRISTMAS GIFT TO THE EARL OF GRANARD

**The Royal  
Cancer Hospital**  
(FREE)

FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3.



## MAKE THIS YOUR "CHRISTMAS BOX"

*this year*

This Winter there are thousands without the necessities of life, due to unemployment, sickness, or destitution. Last Christmas, thousands of men, women and children were the guests of The Salvation Army. Will you help us to minister in the same way this year?

Please send a gift to General Evangeline Booth,  
101, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

**The Salvation Army**



This mother is worried. Her little ones will miss the good things of Christmas—unless... At no other time of the year are bare cupboards and empty grates so cruelly depressing for the mothers of the poor. Will you gladden their hearts through the Church Army? It costs 10/- to send a Christmas parcel to one family. £5 makes TEN families happy. Please post a gift now to Preb. Carlile, C.H., D.D., 55, Bryanston St., London, W.1

MAKE IT  
A MERRY CHRISTMAS  
through the

**CHURCH ARMY**

## The poorest of the poor in East-Central London

have been cared for by us in things temporal and spiritual for 95 years.

**This Christmas Day** we hope to be able to provide, at the Institution, 800 to 1,000 destitute men and women with a Roast Beef and Plum Pudding Dinner—as usual.

At this season, parcels of groceries, clothing and toys, and tons of coals for fireless grates, will be distributed among hundreds of poverty-stricken families, and there will be Treats for crowds of slum and back-street children.

Please respond to this appeal by sending a contribution to William Wilkes, Sec.

Field Lane Institution,  
Vine St., Clerkenwell  
Road, London, E.C.1

How will the men who ply on our trade routes fare this Christmas? The British Sailors' Society will give hospitality all over the world to sailors away from home, lighthouse-keepers, and light-ship crews, and to the widows and orphans of those who gave their lives in the service of our Empire. The Society makes the proud claim that "None will be forgotten," and is doing its utmost this Christmas to provide cheer for many of the unemployed officers and



THE ART OF SPLICING PATIENTLY EXPLAINED: BOYS OF THE BRITISH SAILORS' SOCIETY'S SEA TRAINING HOME THOROUGHLY TRAINED IN SEAMANSHIP.

men of the Merchant Service and members of their families. During 1935 the Society gave 105,215 free meals and 30,171 free beds; issued 1474 libraries; and trained 158 boys at the Prince of Wales Sea Training Hostel. Donations should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, British Sailors' Society, 680, Commercial Road, London, E.14.

And now consider the splendid work done for the maimed by the Royal Surgical Aid Society. This Society started its benevolent career seventy-four years ago, and has benefited the poor in all parts of the country; supplying suitable surgical appliances by which great numbers of people have been enabled to retain or regain their employment. The last annual report contains a number of letters of thanks from men and women whose urgent needs have been met from the Society's resources. Since the foundation in 1862 no fewer than 1,593,117 appliances have been supplied—truly a remarkable record. Further information can be obtained from the Secretary, Royal Surgical Aid Society, Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4, to whom contributions should be addressed.

Just over half a century ago, The National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children began work with the ambition that every child in the land should live "at least an endurable life." To-day this Society ranges itself with what may be described as the positive child welfare movement, and claims—and works for—"an even chance" for every child. Since its formation it has helped nearly 4,500,000 suffering children and ensured for them the happiness of a normal life, free from the shadows of brutality, neglect and indifference. Many people, however, still fail to appreciate the great contribution this Society has made, and is always making, towards the advancement of the welfare of our youngest citizens. The national character of the work is reflected in valuable contributions to the legislation of this country, including the Prevention of Cruelty Act of 1889, 1894, and 1904. Contributions should be sent to William J. Elliott, Director, Victory House, Leicester Square, W.C.2.

What is Christmas-time to those who are without the necessities of life this winter? Unemployment stalks through our land. Sickness takes its toll. Destitution brings its terrors. Last year, in addition to consistent relief of need throughout the twelve months, The Salvation Army had as its Christmas guests 150,000 men, women and children who otherwise would have known little of the festive season. Readers are asked to help the Salvation Army to minister in the same way this year, and gifts will be gratefully received by General Evangeline Booth at International Headquarters, 101, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

Our aid should be given readily to those who are continually striving to find a means of curing cancer. The Research Institute at the Cancer Hospital in London has recently achieved some success in this battle. Recently Professor E. L. Kennaway and Professor J. W. Cook, both of

## Imperial Cancer Research Fund

Patron—HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE KING.

President—HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BEDFORD, K.G.

Chairman of the Executive Committee—SIR HUMPHRY ROLLESTON, BT., G.C.V.O., K.C.B.

Hon. Treasurer—SIR HOLBURN WARING, Bart., C.B.E. F.R.C.S.

Director—DR. W. E. GYE.

Founded in 1902, under the direction of the Royal College of Physicians of London and the Royal College of Surgeons of England as a centre for research and information on cancer, the Imperial Cancer Research Fund is working unceasingly on the systematic investigation of the disease in man and animals. The work of this Fund and of other great centres of research has increased our knowledge of the origin and nature of cancer and has so altered our outlook that the disease is now curable in increasing numbers. But our present accommodation is too limited and we are now building new modern laboratories to extend the scope of our investigations. The income from investments and the Endowment Fund is insufficient to cover the total annual expenditure, and help is urgently needed to meet the heavy additional cost of expansion.

Donations, Subscriptions and Legacies are earnestly solicited, and should be sent to the Honorary Treasurer, 8-11, Queen Square, London, W.C.1.

### FORM OF BEQUEST

I hereby bequeath the sum of £ to the Treasurer of the Imperial Cancer Research Fund under the direction of the Royal College of Physicians of London and the Royal College of Surgeons of England, 8-11, Queen Square, Bloomsbury, London, W.C.1, for the purpose of Scientific Research and I direct that his receipt shall be a good discharge for such legacy.



the Research Institute, were chosen from cancer research workers of forty-five countries to receive a prize of £350 and 50 milligrammes of radium. This reward is regarded as a triumph for British research workers and for the Cancer Hospital, in which patient investigation has been going on for many years and is being continued. Professor Cook does not claim that Professor Kennaway and himself have discovered a "cure," but they have arrived at a working hypothesis that cancer may be caused by some bio-chemical process in the body "taking a wrong turning." This work can be assisted by donations being sent to The Royal Cancer Hospital (Free), Fulham Road, S.W.3.

Cancer research is also forwarded by the Imperial Cancer Research Fund. Founded in 1902, under the direction of the Royal College of Physicians of London and the Royal College of Surgeons of England, as a centre for research and information on cancer, the Imperial Research Fund is working unceasingly on the systematic investigation of the disease in man and animals. The work of this Fund and of other great centres of research has increased the knowledge of the origin and nature of cancer, and has so altered the medical outlook that cases of disease are now curable in increasing numbers. The income from investments and the Endowment Fund is insufficient to cover the total annual expenditure, and, moreover, the present laboratories have become too small for the scope of the work. The need for expansion makes it imperative for the Fund to appeal for donations, subscriptions, and legacies, which should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, 8-11, Queen Square, London, W.C.1.

It is one of the tragedies of life that persons afflicted with a physical deformity not only have to bear the pain from their infirmity, but have to face the fact that they have little or no place in the world of business, and are therefore compelled to rely on the charity of others. It was to help those in that position that John A. Groom founded The Crippleage seventy years ago, his aim being not only to train crippled girls to make artificial flowers, but to market their products. The Crippleage provides a home for crippled girls and light, healthy, and spacious workrooms. In the Garden Village at Edgware Way, 219 crippled girls are in residence; and another 100 are employed in the workrooms at Clerkenwell while living in their own homes. At Clacton-on-Sea there is an Orphanage for two hundred children. Help these girls, who try to help themselves, by sending a contribution to John Groom's Crippleage, 37, Sekford Street, London, E.C.1.



PACKING THE FIRST CHRISTMAS PARCEL: PREBENDARY CARLILE, FOUNDER OF THE CHURCH ARMY (LEFT), AND THE BISHOP OF WILLESDEN WITH PARCELS FOR NEEDY FAMILIES.

Prebendary Carlile, who reaches his ninetieth birthday on Jan. 14 next, is still the active head of the Church Army, which he founded in 1882. The Prebendary hopes to arrange a wider distribution of Christmas-dinner parcels than ever this year, as well as the giving away of large quantities of coal and Yule logs. He seeks the kindly co-operation of men and women of good will—your co-operation, in fact. The sending of a Christmas parcel to a poor family will make a difference—just that difference between a happy Christmas and one that is a mockery of the spirit of this greatest of all festivals. A gift of £5 will provide a parcel each for TEN poor families. Donations will be welcomed by Prebendary Carlile at Church Army Headquarters, 55, Bryanston Street, London, W.1.

## ROYAL SURGICAL AID SOCIETY

Patron: His Majesty The King.

- Gives every description of Appliance to the afflicted poor.
- Its operations are not confined to any locality.
- Subscribers receive "Letters" of recommendation in return for their Subscriptions and thus the distribution of their benefactions is in their own hands.
- The number of subscribers' "Letters" required in each case is in proportion to the cost of the Appliance needed.
- Subscribers of one guinea receive four "Letters." How many may we send you for the benefit of some deserving person in whom you are kindly interested, and whose case we have investigated.
- Address the Secretary, Head Office, Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

## LET YOUR CHRISTMAS PRESENT BE A GIFT TO THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The Society carries on the great work of caring for 1,100 poor boys and girls, and training them to become good and useful men and women.



PLEASE LET YOUR COLLECTION  
AT YOUR CHRISTMAS DINNER  
BE FOR THIS GREAT AND GOOD  
CAUSE OF CARING FOR YOUNG  
CHILDREN

These are two typical children  
under the care of the Society;  
one training for civil employment  
and the other for the Royal Navy



NO VOTES ARE NECESSARY. POVERTY AND NECESSITY  
ENSURE ADMISSION

£60,000 is required annually to meet the current expenses,  
and the Society has only a very small endowment

164 SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2

Patron: H.M. THE KING

## CHRISTMAS



—far  
from  
Home

In ports all over the world, thousands of British seamen will spend their Christmas leave in British Sailors' Society Hostels. Please help us to entertain and cheer them. Also provide treats for Sailors' widows and dependants

Jack's Christmas Cheer  
depends on the

## BRITISH SAILORS' SOCIETY

Gifts welcomed by Hon. Treas., The Right Hon. Sir Fredk. Sykes, P.C., G.C.S.I., etc. 680, Commercial Road, London, E.14. Chairman: Hon. L. W. Joynson-Hicks, M.A., General Secretary: Mr. H. E. Barker.



## LOVE begets LOVE

"Mummy," "Daddy,"—from tiny lips, no two words sound sweeter. Yet many parents choose to crush the joys that children give. Cruel deeds, neglectful actions—innocent little ones cannot escape them, but you can dry their tears through the



PLEASE SEND A  
CHRISTMAS GIFT

to Hon. Treasurer, Sir G. W. Truscott, Bt., National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2.

(President: - H.R.H. The Duke of Kent.)





**'OVALTINE'**

*Supreme for  
Health Strength  
and Vitality*



## SUMMARY OF CONTENTS.

### COVER-PICTURE in Colours: *SHISAKU IN SNOW.*

By Hiroshige (1797-1858).

A picturesque effect of snow such as this appealed to the Japanese as much as the Christmas scenes, which will be found reproduced on later pages, did to the European masters who painted them.

By Courtesy of the Trustees of the British Museum.

**PRESENTATION PLATE:** "*GOOD COMPANIONS.*" From the Painting "James Alexander Simpson When a Boy," by ARTHUR WILLIAM DEVIS (1763-1822).

A delightful child picture which fetched the remarkable sum of 3,600 guineas at Christie's this summer.

**FATHER, DEAR FATHER.** A Piquant Short Story by MARK HELLINGER, Author of "The Ten Million." With Illustrations by G. LANG.

In despair Helen Waters went away leaving no address, thinking that the shock of losing his sole supporter might cause her drunken father to get a grip on himself. It certainly produced a change of attitude in old Waters!

**THE WORK OF ART.** A Full Page in Colours from the Painting by CHARLES ROBINSON.

My lady is "quizzing" the work of art. Perhaps it will do as a Christmas present, or perhaps she is only trying to catch her own charming reflection in the glass!

**BALLAD OF BYGONE LADIES.** Two Pages in Colours illustrating Villon's Famous Poem. Decorations by E. H. SHEPARD. Verses by C. E. BYLES.

These pages show who those beauteous, cruel, romantic ladies were who haunted François Villon's fancy, and how they looked to their lovers.

**CONTEMPLATION.** A Full-Page Reproduction in Colours of the Picture "The Magdalen in Contemplation," probably by a Seventeenth-Century Dutch Artist.

A blue delighted Fra Angelico; Vermeer had his marvellous yellow. Here an old painter has devised a picture round a gorgeous red, which, like the Magdalen, is at once passionate and pure.

**THE MOON IN HER LAP.** A Christmas Story by MARGUERITE STEEN, Author of "Unicorn" and "Return of a Heroine." With Illustrations by STEVEN SPURRIER, R.B.A.

Prim Hardy used to believe the impossible would happen. But they took her baby away and a life of squalor dimmed her belief. The story shows how the impossible *did* happen—at Christmas time.

**LEGENDS OF THE FLOWERS.** Three Full Pages in Colours. Told and Illustrated by MURIEL BRODERICK.

The beauty of flowers has appealed to the imagination of all peoples. Greeks, Celts, Persians, and Chinese felt that they must be maidens enchanted, relics of sad old things long ago, of the pity or the caprice of celestial beings.

**A STITCH IN TIME.** A Full Page in Colours from the Water-Colour by W. E. WEBSTER.

What is she sewing, this demure little person by her Regency fireside? Blue bows and ribbons are going on to something; a trousseau, perhaps, or a Christmas gift.

**PRINCESS BA.** A Short Story by BECHHOFFER ROBERTS, Author of "The Coat of Many Colours" and "The Jury Disagree." With Illustrations by GORDON NICOLL, R.I.

Joe, the stable-lad, found the Princess at his cottage door. The Squire brought her up; a Princess was "gentry," of course. Wonderful that she stooped to run away with poor Joe and spend her life with him. What was the explanation?

**ANCESTORS OF THE MOTOR CAR: STEAM CARRIAGES TAKE THE ROAD.** Five Pages in Colours (including a Double-Page Water-Colour Drawing of a Steam Carriage at the old Knightsbridge Toll-gate by CHARLES ROBINSON) with a descriptive article.

What a sensation the steam carriage made careering along at fully fifteen miles per hour! Now we think nothing of fifty as we hurry to be in time for Christmas celebrations.

**KEEPING CHRISTMAS: "FARE AND FUN IN SUBURBIA" and "FLOURISHES IN MAYFAIR."** Two Full Pages in Colours by EDMUND BLAMPIED.

Though time passes and customs change, still, at the first Christmas in the reign of Edward VIII., the season of good cheer is observed alike in W.1, S.W.7, and N.E.28!

**CHRISTMAS AT DINGLEY DELL: MR. PICKWICK SALUTES THE OLD LADY BENEATH THE MYSTIC BRANCH.** A Double-Page in Colours from the Picture by FRANK REYNOLDS, R.I.

How good to meet them again—old Mr. Wardle, the Fat Boy, the inimitable Sam, and Mr. Pickwick himself! Nothing can ever deprive us of these old friends, provided by the rich humanity of Charles Dickens.

**WHEN WINTERS WERE WHITE: CHRISTMAS AS THE MASTERS SAW IT.** I.—"The Frozen River." By Avercamp. II.—"A Winter Scene." By Rademaker. III.—"A Winter Scene." By Jacob Cats. IV.—"Winter in Norfolk." By Henry Bright. And a Double-Page Reproduction in Colour of "VILLAGE IN THE SNOW," by Lucas van Valkenborch (c. 1540-c. 1625).

Green winters are so frequent now; but these paintings record a very different state of things. The old-time painters revelled in the picturesque, snow-clad scenes.

**IN THE DAYS OF GREAT-GREAT-GRANDMAMMA:** "THE EMPTY PURSE," A Full Page in Colours after the Painting by JAMES COLLINSON; and "LONDON VISITORS," a Full Page in Colours after the Painting by TISSOT.

In the dear old days of the past, what feminine grace, what rich fabrics—and what a profusion of charming knick-knacks!

**A NAUTICAL ENTHUSIAST.** A Full Page in Colours Reproduced from the Painting by A. D. McCORMICK, R.I. England's heritage is on the sea. This eighteenth-century gentleman and his sailor friend felt, as we do still, the fascination of old ship models.

**BOUNTY FOR THE DESTITUTE.** A Short Story by SYBIL BOLITHO and CEN FEARNLEY, Authors of "Mrs. Rudd Writes Home." With Illustrations by EDWARD OSMOND.

Miss Pilgrim went to tea with Annie, the old family servant, at Christmas time. She had to leave at six o'clock sharp—for a party, Miss Pilgrim said. Annie knew she had come down in the world, but she never guessed the truth.

**A BUSINESS ARRANGEMENT.** A Short Story by NORAH COTTERILL. With Illustrations by EDMUND BLAMPIED.

A tale of Jenks, the pavement artist, and Snooker, his mongrel, who were parted for a time but reunited by a misunderstanding.

**A SPY IN THE CAMP: AN INCIDENT OF THE "FORTY-FIVE."** Reproduced in Colours from the Painting by JOHN SEYMOUR LUCAS, R.A., R.I. With Verses by C. E. BYLES.

Long past are the days when Englishman fought Scotchman, and the Hanoverian dogged the Jacobite. All are now united in rejoicing at the season of good will. But to this day espionage has remained a subject of universal interest.

**COLLISION.** A Short Story by W. TOWNEND, Author of "Captain Heron." With Illustrations by JACK M. FAULKS.

Johnny, the ship's officer, fell romantically in love with a girl on board. A favoured rival—the ship in collision—the dastardly swine snatching the girl's life-belt—Johnny's moment. And yet this tale has an unexpected ending.

**A DEMONSTRATION IN BEADLE STREET.** A Short Story by AGNES GROZIER HERBERTSON, Author of "Patience Dean," "Deborah," etc. With Illustrations by W. R. S. STOTT.

There was something queer in the interest they took in him, Bartlett, a wretched vacuum-cleaner salesman, down and out. Queer—the old sailorman with the same name as Bartlett's father—the money he gave him. But the money was real, even if all the rest were hallucinations.

**PRE-CAMERA STAGE PORTRAITURE.** A Page of Reproductions in Colour of Stothard Drawings of Eighteenth-Century Actresses.

It is interesting to compare the delicacy of these eighteenth-century stage portraits with modern camera studies of theatrical personalities.

**KING SOLOMON ASKING THE ANIMALS AND BIRDS WHETHER HE SHOULD DRINK THE WATER OF IMMORTALITY.** A Full Page Reproduction in Colours of a Painting in a Mogul Manuscript.

Fairy-tales are treasured by every nation. This charming Oriental one retains all its piquancy, and the Mogul illumination all its freshness and richness.

NOTE.—All the characters in the fiction in this number are imaginary.





He lifted the little girl to the bar top . . . she pulled her dress down modestly and started to sing in a weak whisper.

## FATHER, DEAR FATHER . . .

By MARK HELLINGER,

Author of "The Ten Million."

Illustrated by G. LANG.

**C**HARLIE WATERS breathed like a man exhausted. He leaned heavily against the bar with his elbows, and tried to wet his cracked lips with his thick tongue. He turned and looked toward his feet with half-closed eyes.

"Smy kid," he mumbled. The little girl looked up, frightened. Her eyes were wide terror, and she tried to back away from her father. Charlie Waters grabbed the little child so roughly he vanked her off her feet.

The bar-tender looked at a customer and shrugged. This scene had been repeated many times before. The bar-tender didn't like to allow the child in the place, but Charlie Waters was a good customer. He spent his week's salary in the joint every Saturday.

"Sing for people," Charlie muttered sleepily. He lifted the little girl to the bar top and almost dropped her.

She was about seven, and she wore her hair braided with dirty ribbons tied to the ends. She pulled her little dress down modestly, and started to sing in a weak whisper.

"Louder," said Charlie petulantly. "How ya expect the cuss'mers to hear, hah?" The child started to cry.

"Aw, let 'er go home," the bar-tender said. "What the hell, Charlie."

"Mind ya own bizniss. If 'er daddy says to sing, she's gonna sing. Hah, Helen?"

The child wiped her eyes with dirty hands, and nodded. She started again. She sang a song called "Baby Shoes." It was popular then. Her frail voice was away off key, but she sang loudly. When she had finished, one of the customers threw her a quarter. The bar-tender gave her a nickel.

Charlie set her down on the floor and gave her a light whack on the seat as she ran for home. He chuckled. He'd get that money later. . . .

It was always like that. Everybody knew what a drunk Charlie Waters was. Everybody knew that, since his wife died, the baby had been without a mother's care.

Yes, everybody knew about it. Everybody talked about it. But nobody had nerve enough to do anything about it.

When the child was fourteen, she started minding babies for money. She was a ragged, skinny urchin, with a smart head and brooding eyes.

Her father wanted her to quit school. He said he was out earning a living at her age.

She begged him, sometimes on her knees, to allow her to continue. She wanted to be a school teacher. She'd make a good salary some day—if he'd let her continue.

She worked hard at school. And after school she did everything possible to make a few cents for Charlie. It took a long time to achieve her ambition. But one day, tall and slender and graceful, she stood in a line of white-robed girls. And a smiling professor handed her a ribboned diploma.

Helen Waters was a school teacher. . . .

She was a good teacher. She knew the value of kindness. And patience. She worked hard to make a good record. And she succeeded. But Charlie, as he got older, became worse. He lost job after job. The task of keeping the house going fell to the one-time little girl who cried in bar-rooms.

She gave him money for liquor, too. When she didn't, Charlie became peeved. And when he got that way, he did things to make her ashamed. He borrowed money. He got drunk and fell asleep on the sidewalk. He babbled to anybody who would listen about his daughter. Said she threw him out of the house. That she said she hoped he'd catch pneumonia and die.

Teachers in the school talked about it. So did pupils. One day, when she chastised a youngster for slapping another child in class, the boy ran out of the room screaming that her old man was a drunkard and so was she.

Helen wanted to resign. She wrote a short note to the school board. In it, she said that she had felt a great deal of mental distress in teaching, and that it would be better if she stepped aside.

The school board was smart. They knew the real reason. And they prevailed upon her to forget her mental distress and keep on teaching. They told her, rather pointedly, that their only concern was her influence for the good over her pupils.

Helen stayed. . . .

After a while, Charlie Waters made no pretence of looking for a job. He spent most of his time in the saloon. He told Helen that she shouldn't expect him to work. That he was getting old. And that he deserved a

[Continued on page 62.]



*Bringing your Christmas Cheer*



*Dewar's*  
"White Label"



**LAVENDER**  
- The Lovable Fragrance -  
in Sprinkler Bottles, Stopped Bottles  
and Decanters - 2 guineas to 2/6

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in great variety  
from 35/- to 2/6

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Perfume sizes 45/- to 2/6  
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# Gifts FROM BOND STREET

Perfect presents for every person and every purse, each one conveying its fragrant message of good-will with that distinction and assurance of delighted reception which their loveliness and Bond Street origin bestow upon them.

Those delightful Yardley Gifts pictured here, and many others equally desirable, from the largest magnificent Gift Cases to the single lovely little bottles of any of the enchanting Yardley perfumes, are obtainable at any of the best Chemists and Stores.



# GIFTS BY YARDLEY

BY APPOINTMENT  
YARDLEY 33 OLD BOND STREET LONDON W.1





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Published by The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Ltd.

## GOOD COMPANIONS.

FROM THE PAINTING, "JAMES ALEXANDER SIMPSON WHEN A BOY," BY ARTHUR WILLIAM DEVIS.



# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

CHRISTMAS NUMBER 1936



THE WORK OF ART.

FROM THE PAINTING ENTITLED "THE FLOWER PIECE," BY CHARLES ROBINSON.



## BALLAD OF BYGONE LADIES.

After the French of François Villon (1431 - c. 1463).

O tell me where, in what domain,  
 Flora, the lovely Roman, dwells :  
 Where Archipiade : or on what swain  
 Thaïs now casts her kindred spells.  
 Echo, who mortal fair excels,  
 And wafts reply o'er stream and mere—  
 Where bides she now ? No answer tells ! . . .  
 " But where are the snows of yester year ? "

Where is that lady, sage and sweet,  
 Héloïse, for whose dear sake love-lorn.  
 At St. Denys, a monk's retreat  
 Abelard chose, of manhood shorn ?



The Flora mentioned in the second line of Villon's famous ballad is most probably the Roman goddess of flowers and spring, whose annual festival, the Floralia, was celebrated from April 18 to May 3.—Archipiade may be a corruption of some Greek courtesan's name, possibly Archippa, the mistress of Sophocles.—Thaïs was the celebrated Athenian courtesan who followed Alexander on his expedition into Asia, and after his death married Ptolemy, King of Egypt. The tradition that Thaïs incited Alexander to burn the palace at Persepolis is preserved in Dryden's well-known poem, "Alexander's Feast."—Echo was a Greek nymph who used to detain Hera, wife of Zeus, with incessant talk while Zeus sported with other nymphs. On discovering the trick, Hera took revenge by changing her into an echo. In that state Echo fell in love with Narcissus, but, her love being unrequited, she pined away till nothing remained of her but her voice.—The historic love story of Héloïse and Abelard has been treated in modern literature by George Moore and other writers. Héloïse (about 1101-1164) was a niece of Fulbert, canon of Notre Dame. Abelard (1079-1142) was her instructor and soon her lover. She bore a child, and they were secretly married, but to save Abelard's career she denied the marriage and took the veil, eventually becoming an abbess. Fulbert revenged himself by inflicting on Abelard a shameful mutilation. Abelard became a monk and won fame as a scholar and theologian.—Villon's allusion to a youthful adventure in the life of Buridan is said

[Continued opposite.

DRAWINGS BY E. H. SHEPARD. TRANSLATION BY C. E. BYLES.



# BALLAD OF BYGONE LADIES.

(Continued.)

Where she—that cruel Queen forsworn—  
Who into Seine, fast-flowing near  
Her bower, hurled Buridan bound at  
morn? . . .

"But where are the snows of yester year?"

Where is Queen Blanche, as lily fair,  
Whose siren song would oft enchain  
Her king? Tall Bertha? Beatrix? Where  
Allys? or Eremburge of Maine?  
Where saintly Jeanne, maid of Lorraine,  
Whom Rouen's English flame did sear?  
Where are they, Virgin sovereign? . . .

"But where are the snows of yester year?"



## ENVOI.

Prince, ask not of this year or week  
Where these may be, who are not here:  
Still this refrain mocks all you seek—  
"But where are the snows of yester year?"



to relate to Jean Buridan, a noted French philosopher of the 14th century. A French commentator on the poem says: "It was a well-established tradition at the University of Paris that a Queen of France had used for nocturnal debaucheries the Tour de Nesle, situated beside the Seine on the present site of the Palais de l'Institut. She used to entice into the tower all the men who passed by, and particularly the students who pleased her; then, her caprice satisfied, she had them killed and thrown into the river. Buridan had the luck to escape death, and he uttered that terrible saying, destined to be his revenge and justification—'It is permissible to slay a queen if it becomes necessary.' Villon is the earliest writer to mention this tradition. The three daughters-in-law of Philip the Fair (Philip IV. of France, 1268-1314) had been accused of adultery, and one of them, Marguerite of Burgundy, wife of Louis le Hutin (Louis X., 1289-1316), was strangled in prison in 1314, by order of the King. Buridan became one of the most celebrated professors at the University of Paris."—The Blanche of Villon's ballad is evidently Blanche of Castile, mother of St. Louis (Louis IX., 1215-1270). King Thibaut of Navarre (1201-1253) loved her secretly and wrote songs for her to sing.—The "Jeanne of Lorraine" is, of course, the immortal heroine of France, St. Joan. She was born in 1412 at Domrémy, in the Duchy of Bar, then part of Lorraine, and was burnt at Rouen, by the English, on May 30, 1431.





### CONTEMPLATION.

This beautiful painting, the full title of which is "The Magdalen in Contemplation," shows her seated at the foot of the Cross. It has been traditionally attributed to Velasquez (1599-1660), the celebrated Spanish painter. The names of various seventeenth-century Dutch artists have also been suggested, though none of them has found general acceptance. The painting was shown in 1934 at the Yorkshire Loan Exhibition of Pictures, at York, and last year it was included in an exhibition of Dutch Old Masters at Rotterdam.





She shrieked aloud, as she pushed her hand along the space at her side where, before she had fallen asleep, she had left him . . . People came; the gas was lighted, and Prim, stark crazy, faced her mother and sister as they cried to her to hold her noise, she was disturbing the neighbours.

## THE MOON IN HER LAP.

By MARGUERITE STEEN,

Author of "Unicorn" and "Return of a Heroine," etc.

Illustrated by STEVEN SPURRIER, R.B.A.

**T**HEY had always said she was silly, and she could not quite think why. "That Prim Hardy!" they said. "She'll sit on her own doorstep with a crust in her hand and a ladder in her stocking, waiting for the moon to fall into her lap!" She had always expected the impossible to happen, and, as is usually (and, to ordinary individuals, annoyingly) the way with such people, it very often did. She never made a fuss about it: she merely accepted it with a serene satisfaction, as proof of her private and unformulated theory that the world was a place where, if one was firm enough and sure enough, one's wishes were fulfilled.

She fully expected, for instance, that someone would fall in love with her some day, and that she would get married and have a baby all of her own—babies being, to her way of thinking, the most lovely and desirable things in the world. And in time—Prim having eyes like lagoons and a ruffle of copper-coloured hair just long enough for her to catch a strand of it between her strong, white teeth—this very naturally came to pass; only, by some strange oversight, the magic did not work quite as it should have done, because the baby's father, whose name she could never remember, because it was one of those funny foreign ones, bolted for the woods about three weeks before she, still, unfortunately, Prim Hardy, was taken into hospital for her baby to be born.

It was difficult, then, to go on believing in magic; realism came very close in the bleak hospital ward, where the nurses were all too overworked to pay more than conventional attention to the patient in bed Number 14. Pain mopped all one's dreams. She came out to find that people were annoyed with her for having her baby; particularly her mother, and her sister Gladys, who was going to marry a young man in the Salvation Army. For some reason, Gladys was most insistent that he should not know about the baby, and this hurt Prim, who was so proud of her baby she wanted to show it to everyone. And one most terrible night she woke up and found it was gone.

She could not believe it. She shrieked aloud, as she pushed her hand along the space at her side where, before she had fallen asleep, she had left him, folded cosily in a blanket and protected by a pillow, in case she should roll on him. People came; the gas was lighted, and Prim, stark crazy, faced her mother and sister as they cried to her to hold her noise, she was disturbing the neighbours. "Where's my baby? My baby's gone!" She was like a cat that has had its kittens taken away; creeping about on hands and knees, seeking in every likely and unlikely corner for her lost child.

When they had shaken and smacked her into silence, her mother told her that the baby had been taken away ("And thankful you should be, my girl, after disgracing yourself and your home the way you've done!"), and that it would be properly looked after, but that Prim was never to see or to speak of it again. And presently, being silly, she accepted this. But she was so frightfully unhappy that one evening she walked out of the house, telling herself she would get a job to do, and earn some money, and then she would find out where her baby had gone and steal him back for her own. Unfortunately, the magic went wrong again. You might think that, with housewives crying out upon the domestic servant problem, and business women seeking in vain for someone to take their children out while they were at the office, a nice-looking girl like Prim Hardy could easily have found work. Perhaps she looked in the wrong places. Probably her lips were too soft, and her body too tender and pretty; and, of course, she had no "character." Everyone seemed to mistrust her: even the people in the hostel to which some well-meaning person had directed her on the night she left home. She was asked a number of impertinent questions, made to pray to a God of whom she did not think much since He had allowed her baby to be taken away from her, and found a horrible little job washing dishes in a basement, for which she was given ten shillings a week. It was like planting a primrose in a sewer.

Six months later there was not very much left of the original Prim Hardy. She had learned, perhaps, not to be quite so silly; not to expect things to happen simply because she wanted them; and she had washed some tens of thousands of dishes, without managing to save one penny towards claiming her baby again. She had changed her place several times, and each time the work seemed a little harder, and she a little worse at it. The last restaurant she reached was a very bad one. Not from point of view of the patrons; upstairs there was as much glimmer of chromium and mirror glass as the most exigent could require; there were soft, obsequious waiters, who handled trays with unbelievable celerity above the naked shoulders and burnished heads of London's prettiest and most fashionable women. There were two orchestras, whose programme of tango and pasodoble never penetrated to those subterranean caverns where laboured the restaurants' obscurest slaves, whose very existence was kept, a dark and shameful secret, from the shining company above stairs. Would they not have fled in horror, if they could have beheld those troglodytes through whose warped fingers passed the china from which they ate their delicately served meal? No apparent cleanliness would have satisfied them, had they but had





She found a horrible little job washing dishes in a basement, for which she was given ten shillings a week.

one glimpse of the cellar in which Prim and her companions performed their endless task.

Apart from the bad conditions under which they had to do their work, the dish-washers suffered from the great meanness of the manager of the restaurant, who, although food was supposed to be included in their miserable wages, had too much ingenuity, and too great a passion for utilising scraps, to allow anything but the most inedible to find its way to the washers' platters. There were many days when hunger griped Prim's ribs, and made her almost unable to go on with her task. And she was so silly she did not even grumble, as the others did.

One day she found they were all talking about Christmas. For some reason a panic seized Prim, and that night she communicated with her family. The room in which she was living was stone cold, and had no light, save that of a street lamp outside the window; she wrote her letter with a borrowed stump of pencil upon a bit of paper she had brought home from the restaurant. A week later she was informed that they washed their hands of her, and begged her not to come home and upset everything, now that Gladys was settled down with her Salvation Army young man, and was expecting a baby of her own. The night this letter came happened to be Prim's pay-night. She got her ten shillings, wiped her hands, and walked out into the streets. She knew that even starvation could not drive her back to the restaurant again.

Like most of the smartest eating places, the Lapin Bleu—"Blue Bunny" to its habitués—was situated in St. James's, and St. James's, round about the hour of midnight, has a romance of its own. Very still are the streets, save for an occasional cruising taxi, a few gentlemen about their own private business, and, in a doorway here and there, some solitary, still hopeful figure, which breathes a sigh or an invitation as one hastens past. A hushed gaiety slips, hand in hand with wistfulness, along the

pavements: two hamadryads from St. James's vanished trees—fleeing towards the dawn.

It was frostily cold: the kind of cold which is luxury to the be-cloaked, be-furred patrons of the "Blue Bunny," and torment to the less fortunate. Frost bit the pavements and struck into inadequately shod feet. Two young cats frolicked on the dustbin lids, and fled like streaks of mercury as these slid off and clanged upon the stones. From upper windows gleamed the rose-coloured lights that suggest warm rooms, soft furniture, smooth and spotless beds. Dim signs of Christmas showed through the unlit plate-glass of the shop windows. Prim shivered; she was so tired that she was tempted to find a doorstep and sleep upon it, sooner than take her long, nightly tramp down the Vauxhall Road. But it was too cold; she might freeze in the night, and die, and then her baby would never know its mother.

There were two gentlemen walking ahead of her. Prim had been told that if a girl looked young and lively there were plenty of gentlemen who would take her to the pictures, give her a nice supper and buy her a present, in return for a little amusement. She had heard about these gentlemen, but she had never quite believed in them; her experience of men was that they took, rather than gave; and she could not see that the mere difference between a hat and a cap, a collar and a muffler, could so alter the basic male instinct, as she knew it. She knew that "amusement," from their point of view, was liable to be followed by consequences which were far from amusing to the provider of the entertainment, and she had, with great difficulty, avoided certain disagreeable risks which had come her way since leaving home.

The hunger pain stabbed her so deeply that she had, for a moment, to stand still, clenching her hands, and looking up at the stars, which seemed to crackle with the frost in their dark-blue bed. She stared at them so long that their restlessness began to confuse her and their brilliance to prick in her eyes; hunger and cold slipped momentarily from her, in contemplation of their splendour, and she became again Prim Hardy, who sat on her doorstep with a crust in her hand and a ladder in her stocking, waiting for the moon to fall into her lap. A faint consciousness of reviving magic stirred in her starved little body as she blinked, shook herself, and waited for the star-dazzle to go out of her eyes before continuing on her way.

It would be lovely, she thought, if she were to meet a gentleman, and she were to say "Hello, dear," as she had heard other girls say, and, just because it was Christmas, he took her and gave her—well, not supper; one did not eat supper in an old coat with a bit of mangy fur on the collar, and a pair of shoes that were down at heel, and a frock, covering exactly nothing, which could not be displayed because it was so disgraceful with the signs and stains of one's occupation. But a nice, homely coffee-stall, now! Cups of steaming cocoa, a couple of hot meat pies, perhaps a sausage and a slice of bread and dripping! Coo, greedy! Her whole body trembled as the saliva flowed under her tongue at the thought of the feast her imagination conjured. "And p'raps pay one's fare home in the tram," she concluded breathlessly, for this was an unheard-of luxury, with a room to be paid for, odds and ends like soap and candles and matches to be considered, and a dozen necessary trifles that absorbed the whole of one's ten shillings before they lay in one's hand. "Coo, I must be silly, just to think of such a thing!" She actually launched a little laugh towards the stars, which winked as though they thoroughly concurred.

But so strong was the magic at that moment, that the more Prim thought of it, the more reasonable it appeared that the next gentleman who came along would return her greeting—"I might say 'Happy Christmas!' instead of 'Hello!'"—with a prompt invitation to the nearest coffee-stall. As in her childhood, Prim's hopes had crystallised into positive expectations, and it seemed only a mild set-back when the two gentlemen ahead on whom her intentions had centred unintentionally outwitted her by letting themselves with a latchkey into a house a little further along the street.

"Bother!" said Prim, and stood still for another moment, when round the corner of the street, as though borne on a high wind, swept a gentleman whom anyone in his right mind would have recognised as a madman or a poet. None save madmen or poets would have been abroad that freezing December night in a thin white suit that looked so ghostly, as its wearer swept in to Jermyn Street, that Prim nearly squealed. He was very tall, and looked taller, because his longish hair was blown upwards by the speed of his coming, and his enormous spectacles caught and concentrated the lamplight in two shining patches that completely blotted out his eyes. Really an alarming figure to meet in Jermyn Street, in the early hours of the morning. Not a figure with which one readily associated hot cocoa, meat pies and sausage, because it was so evidently out on urgent business of its own, and not amenable to Christmas greetings.

The hunger pain caught her again unexpectedly, and, to prevent herself crying out, Prim had to fold her arms tightly across her stomach. She looked, actually, as though she were holding a baby. A queer, maternal picture made Prim Hardy, hugging herself for hunger, under the light which streamed down upon hair no longer like a wild copper crown, but dead as dead leaves about her weary brows. And all that tenderness of form and colour which had made people mistrust her when she first began to look for work had vanished in the dreariness of her subterranean occupation, had become thin and stale and harmless, because it no longer made up what ordinary people suspect as beauty.

She had turned quite faint with the pain, and did not realise for a moment that he had come to a standstill in front of her, that he had torn off his spectacles and was staring at her with what, had she seen it, must have appeared as a formidable scowl. She heard a voice say—angrily it seemed: "Have you got a baby?"



And heard herself answer, from some pit of confusion: "Yes—somewhere. I don't know where it is." Then the pain went, and she pulled herself together and stared at her interlocutor. Fancy wearing white clothes like that on a winter night! Nearly Christmas and all! Her lips curled into their almost forgotten smile as, just for luck, she tried her prepared greeting. "Happy Christmas, dear!"—and then the pavement seemed to wave, and she felt herself tilting towards him. Coo! It was like a fairy-tale; here she was, going to faint into the prince's arms!

But no arms received her; a roughish grip on her shoulder set her back on her feet and steadied her, while the prince said shortly: "Here, pull yourself together. What's wrong with you?"

"I could do," said Prim, blinking, but trying to smile again, "with a nice meat pie!"

She knew from his expression that he suspected her of making fun of him. Oh, dear! if she could only convince him of that pain which was starting over again...

"You've got to come with me," he was saying, and his hand on her shoulder gave her a little shake. "Honest—no larks—it's the truth you've got a baby?"

An overwhelming memory of the night when her baby vanished from her side came over Prim; she looked up at him, and her eyes overflowed. The gentleman made an impatient click of the tongue, but apparently strove to control himself; Prim remembered that men are only interested in themselves, and that they dislike tears. The hot cocoa and the meat pie seemed a very long way away.

"Don't start to cry, for goodness sake," he was telling her. "Come on—this way!" He gave her a little push in the direction from which he had appeared. Prim took fright; memory stirred unpleasantly, she tried to free her shoulder from the masterful clutch.

"Here—what are you playing at?" she demanded fiercely.

"Oh, shut up!" returned the gentleman in a savage undertone. "It's no use making a fuss, you're coming with me, if I have to carry you!"

She debated whether to scream and fetch a policeman; but in Prim's walk of life the police are not looked upon as friends. She had heard dimly about a thing known as "accosting," that a girl who lodged in the same house as herself had been had up for. "It's no good laying a complaint against a swell," she had told Prim bitterly. "He'll just tell the cop you accosted him, and it's you for the jug every time."

She saw an open door, through which she was thrust, and a staircase with a carpet like the carpets at the "Blue Bunny," thick and deep as the moss her feet had never trod; and as she stood shaking, while her companion slammed the door behind them, and, to Prim's horror, bolted it, the one sound in the world most calculated to drive every other thought from her mind floated down the stairs. Floated, did we say? It came down the stairs like the shriek of a dozen klaxon horns, or three dozen cats with their tails caught in the same number of door hinges. Forgetting all her fears, Prim turned upon him like an avenging fury.

"Here—what're you doing with that baby?" she demanded.

He made a gesture which gave her the freedom of the place.

"Go up and see for yourself," he told her tersely. Faint as she still was, and desperately afraid that at any moment her knees would let her down, Prim was up the stairs and through an open doorway almost before the words had left his lips.

She found herself in a most extraordinary room, from her point of view: big and white as a barn, with hundreds of picture frames stacked against the walls. A stove roared at one end, and before it, on the floor, in a basket from which most evidently the puzzled black spaniel which cocked anxious ears in a corner of the room had been ousted, kicked and roared the author of the noise: a sopping, wretched mess of spilt food, milk, and something that looked like gravy, writhing in the strangling confusion of its twisted garments, and, by the colour of its face, rapidly advancing towards the apoplexy which would no doubt have overtaken it, had it not been for the intervention of Prim.

She might be silly, she might be the world's worst dish-washer; but she did know, thought Prim, what to do about babies! It was a moment's work to nip it out of the basket, to free the struggling little neck from its constriction of tape and damp clothing; to fling the soiled garments aside and snatch up a white shawl which had been flung across the end of a couch, to take their place. While this was going on, the shrieks subsided to whimpers, and finally to snuffling sobs, that ended in hiccups; the silence which ensued was almost as appalling as the uproar; the spaniel came wriggling uneasily, to sniff at the limp bundle in Prim's arms.

"I suppose that's what they call the mother instinct." The irony in the voice communicated itself to Prim, stinging her to the retort:

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, for neglecting your kid like that!"

"Suffering catfish!" gasped the apparent owner of the room. "You don't suppose it's mine? I'd see myself damned before I'd have a thing like *that*!" He pointed a scornful finger at the late disturber of the peace; and, indeed, nothing but sheer prejudice could have seen beauty in the crumpled, purplish face pillowed on Prim's arm. For her, however, all babies were a matter of prejudice; she flushed with unnecessary resentment and tossed her head.

"I bet if you had one of your own, you'd think it was lovely, whatever it looked like. Where did you get it from?" she inquired, natural female curiosity breaking through annoyance.

"You may well ask." He was now at the mantelpiece, looking for something, which proved to be a pipe. While he filled it, the spaniel went and sat down on his foot, looking up as much as to say: "What have we let ourselves in for now?" Master and dog exchanged a glance of profound sympathy.

"I don't suppose you've got a drop of milk in the house?" Prim accused him, as the infant stirred in her arms.

"Milk? I've spilt about a quart, trying to get it into the little beast; but I expect there's some left. You'd better come and see." He led the way to what Prim supposed was the larder, but, as she staggered to her feet, she found the baby's weight was too heavy for her; she laid it hurriedly on the couch, and went unsteadily after her host. The sight of the remains of a meal was almost too much for her; she had to clap her hands over her mouth. He looked at her curiously.

"I say—I believe you're hungry," he said, considering her for the first time. In the brilliant light of the kitchen, he thought he had never seen anything so starved-looking, so oddly beautiful. He pushed a chair towards her. "Here—eat whatever you like. Augustus isn't starving; he must have swallowed some of that pap and milk and meat-juice I tried to give him."

She hesitated; but the baby was so evidently sleeping, and all so peaceful in the adjoining room, that she surrendered to her craving. With unexpected tact, he left her alone until she had finished. When he returned, she was warming milk over the gas-ring.

"Good lord, I never thought of heating it," he admitted. She tossed her head, with the superiority of the initiate.

"No wonder he cried! I should think you gave him tummy-ache. Poor little chap! Where did you get him?"

"I didn't *get* him!" was the irritable retort. "He was wished on me—left on my hands, like that, by a model who's gone and vanished into thin air. Oh, I suppose you don't know what a model is," he snapped, in response to Prim's blank stare. "I'm a painter—see? And I've had a woman sitting to me for the last fortnight; a woman I came across



No arms received her; a roughish grip on her shoulder set her back on her feet and steadied her.



in the East End. I haven't the least notion who she was or what her name is. She happened to be just what I wanted, and I wanted it enough to put up with her baby, that she insisted on fetching to all the sittings. I suppose she hadn't anywhere to leave it."

"Of course not," said Prim, nodding her head in complete acceptance of the fact; she did not seem to feel it was a matter for commiseration.

"I couldn't stand its yelling, so every time it started I rushed out of the place, and my man used to come and tell me when the row was over; then I'd go back and paint a bit more of the mother. She was a grand creature—" He seemed to meditate upon the grandeur of the mother, until Prim, growing impatient, reminded him of their subject.

"Oh, well—the sittings were to finish to-day, and I'd just given her her money, when the kid started to bawl again. She still had her clothes to put on, so I bolted, forgetting it was after six o'clock—the time my man goes home. And when I came back"—he pointed with disgust at Augustus, still peacefully slumbering on the couch—"I found *that* waiting for me! A nice sort of surprise for a man in his own studio."

"She'll come back for him," said Prim, feeling a little pang; for Augustus had already established himself firmly in her heart. "Look at his dear little hands, and the way he curls up his toes! Nobody'd leave a baby like that and not come back for it. I expect she'll be here in the morning."

"Not on your life! There was nothing maternal about that young woman—not nearly as maternal as you, when I first saw you, hugging yourself under the lamp-post! That's a funny trick! I'd like to make a drawing of it."

"I had a pain inside," said Prim offendedly. He gave a gurgle of laughter.

"I dare say you had! But I'll draw, it all the same—you, I mean, not the pain. What's your name, by the way? I'd better know, as you'll be staying for some time."

"Me? Staying here?" Her suspicions revived for a moment. "I'm Primrose Hardy: they call me Prim. And I've got a job—" Her voice trailed away; she remembered that she had determined not to go back to the restaurant.

"I don't care if you've got ten jobs, my dear young woman," he returned calmly. "You don't suppose I intend to be left alone with *that* again?"

She drew a deep breath. A mad idea had flashed into her mind—a reflection from the old magic. Prim knew, for certain, in that moment, that she would never find her own baby again, and her deprived arms stretched towards the bundle on the couch as she murmured. "I'll take him for you, if you like." Never a thought of how she was to keep the baby, as well as herself. It was an offer worthy of Prim Hardy, who had sat on doorsteps, waiting for the moon to fall into her lap. He looked at her, she thought, very kindly.

"It's a grand idea. I'd have been very grateful for the offer—er—Miss Hardy—Prim. Unfortunately, other arrangements had been made, before your arrival."

"You're not going to hand him over to the police!" For a moment she was the tigress she had been on the night her own baby vanished. He grimaced ruefully.

"Unfortunately, that solution hadn't occurred to me. You see, although, for various reasons, I can't produce her at the moment—I've got a wife." He had walked away from her, towards a pile of canvases stacked against the wall. He raised one and placed it upon an easel, facing towards Prim. He said, with an ironic wave of the hand, "Meet Mrs. Robertson." And it was as though all of earth's beauty smiled at Prim Hardy from the canvas. "Coo," she breathed.

"As you say, 'coo,'" he agreed. "Well, that's my wife; and when I discovered my—shall we call it legacy?—the first thing I did was

to ring her up and ask her advice about it. She's a marvellous person for giving good advice."

"Doesn't she live with you?" asked Prim, pitifully. It seemed to her nothing less than a tragedy that Mr. Robertson should own a wife like that only, as it were, at a distance.

"Off and on—off and on," replied Mr. Robertson lightly. "We quarrel rather—sometimes—and she's inclined to blame me, because—well, if you want to know the truth of it, because we haven't managed, between us, to produce a family. Sit down, won't you?" he interrupted himself to say. "For goodness sake, don't let's disturb Augustus now he is giving us a little peace."

"It's hard not to have a family when you want one," said Prim, staring thoughtfully at Mr. Robertson.

"Tush! I flatter myself," said he, with a wave of the hand, "that if I were to apply myself to it, I could produce a highly superior article to that thing at present wrapped in my wife's best shawl. The point is that I consider my creative impulse to be better employed in the direction of that portrait than in increasing the population of an already over-populated world."

"You're just making that up," said Prim: her hands were clasped in her lap, and her eyes had never left Mr. Robertson's face during the foregoing remarks. She had the gratification of seeing him change colour slightly. He squatted suddenly on his heels, and started pulling the spaniel's ears. It was apparently to them he confided the statement:

"Well, since you're so damned inquisitive—when our baby died six years ago, the doctor said there wasn't to be another. Now are you satisfied?"

"Well, that is a shame." Prim's voice was like the cooing of a ring-dove on its nest. The room was very close; she had thrown open the collar of her coat, and now she wished it had been possible to take the coat off. But how could one, with such a dirty old dress, and nothing whatever underneath it?

"So when I told her about Augustus, she said I'd got to keep him. She's staying with friends for somebody's wedding, but she's coming back to spend Christmas here. That's . . . pretty . . . good . . ." said Mr. Robertson jerkily. "You see, since the kid died, we've never spent Christmas together. She's always gone to her people, and I've stayed here, painting like hell. It's the different way it took us. Aileen says she can't stick the idea of Christmas without kids around her, and I hate the sight of 'em, just at that time of year. I suppose it's jealousy, since our poor kid . . ."

Augustus saved the situation at this point by opening his mouth and letting out a pitiful wail. "He's hungry," stated Prim, and went hurriedly for the milk. It was not easy to feed Augustus, who was evidently only used to a bottle; it called for the concentrated efforts of two people, and entailed a vast expenditure of milk upon, one regrets to say, Aileen Robertson's Chinese shawl. Nor was Augustus

silent during the procedure; it deeply impressed Mr. Robertson, down whose brow the sweat was streaming freely, to see the imperturbable calm brought by Prim to the handling of the situation.

"If you think I'm going to be left alone with that to do, until my wife comes back!" he repeated, when Augustus, once more serenely swaddled, had belched himself to sleep again in the corner of the couch. "Look here; let's have this on a proper business footing. Augustus, so far as I can see, is going to stay with us; will you stay as well? I mean, really stay; as his nurse? Dash it, we'll have to find a nurse somewhere, and it seems quite ridiculous to make a change, now you've got your hand in on him. You can see how he's taken to you—"

Prim's breath caught in her throat. He was opening heaven's gates—he was showing her all the kingdoms of the earth—but, silly as she was,



It was a moment's work to whip it out of the basket, to free the struggling little neck from its constriction of tape and damp clothing; to fling the soiled garments aside and snatch up a white shawl to take their place.



## THE PERSIAN LEGEND OF THE FORGET-ME-NOT.



LONG years ago, before the dawn of History, an angel was sent on a mission to a holy man of Persia. Now, as the angel was flying on his way, he saw a maiden seated by a stream, braiding her hair with forget-me-nots which grew upon the banks.

So great was her beauty that the angel, alighting on the ground, fell in love with her, and, forgetful of his mission, spent many happy days in her company. At last, remembering the object of his journey, the angel returned to Heaven in haste, bringing with him the maiden, to beg forgiveness and admittance for them both. Alas! the gates remained closed, and a voice was heard saying: "Until the earth is peopled with the Children of the Sky, you cannot bring a mortal into Heaven." Now, the Children of the Sky were the flowers the maiden wore in her hair, for they reflected the blue of Heaven. So the angel and the maiden turned away, and for long, weary years they walked the earth, planting forget-me-nots in every land until their task was done.

Then at last they returned once more, and this time the gates were opened wide, for their love had conquered death, and they were admitted into Paradise.



## THE CHRISTIAN LEGEND OF THE CHRISTMAS ROSE.

ON the first Christmas night, when the shepherds were sent by the angels to kneel before the Child of Bethlehem, a little girl named Madelon, whose brother was a shepherd, followed them to the inn. But when she found that they had brought a pair of doves, some fruits, and honey as offerings to the Holy Child, she felt ashamed to enter empty-handed and turned sadly back towards the lonely hills. Now, as she wandered weeping in the early dawn, a light shone suddenly about her and a radiant figure appeared, the glorious Gabriel himself, to ask the reason for her tears. "Because I am so poor, I have no offering for the Babe of Bethlehem," she answered.



Then, with his shining wings, the angel brushed the ground around them and everywhere sprang up the loveliest white flowers. Eagerly the child gathered great bunches of the blooms and hurried back towards the inn. A glittering procession went before her — the Magi and their retinue bearing sumptuous gifts. But the Holy Child turned with a smile towards the little girl and stretched out tiny hands to take the flowers.





## THE CHINESE LEGEND OF THE PEONY.

ON the outskirts of a city of old China there once dwelt in seclusion a young scholar who delighted in growing the most exquisite flowers, especially peonies.



One day, whilst deep in study, the young man was surprised by the arrival of a beautiful maiden, who asked to be taken into his service. The student agreed, and later was delighted to find her a clever companion as well as an excellent servant, accomplished in all the arts, so that a great friendship sprang up between them. Some time later, however, the scholar invited a learned moralist to stay with him, and on the day fixed for his arrival the maiden was nowhere to be found.

In vain the student searched both house and garden, till at last, distracted with anxiety, he saw her floating before him like a phantom. Even as he called, she became more and more shadowy, while her voice sounded as though from a great way off. "I am the soul of a peony," she said. "Your devotion gave me human form, but now that your friend is coming I must go, for he would not understand our friendship and in the face of his disapproval I could not retain my present form. Therefore I can no longer stay with you and must say farewell." With these words the maiden faded slowly away, leaving the scholar to lament his loss.

## THE GRECIAN LEGEND OF THE CAMPANULA.



THERE was once a poor goatherd who, while wandering through a wood, picked up a magic mirror which, unknown to him, possessed the power of beautifying whatever it reflected. Now, this mirror belonged to the Goddess Venus and had been mislaid, much to her annoyance.

While the goatherd sat gazing into it, enraptured at the unexpected beauty of his countenance, Cupid, who had long been seeking his mother's treasure, came upon it in the old man's hands. But, in his haste to snatch the mirror away, it fell upon the grass, and where it touched the ground there sprang up a clump of purple flowers—the campanula, or Venus' Looking-glass.





## THE SCOTTISH LEGEND OF THE WALLFLOWER.



IN an ancient castle built amongst the rugged mountains of Scotland, there once lived the chief of a powerful clan.

This chief possessed a beautiful daughter who, unhappily, had fallen in love with the son of a neighbouring chief, for between the two clans was a deadly feud, and the lovers were forbidden to meet.

They contrived, however, to exchange messages, and at last arranged to elope.

At first everything happened as they had planned. The girl managed to slip downstairs unnoticed in the early morning and crossed the courtyard to meet her lover, who awaited her outside. In the courtyard grew an apple-tree whose branches overhung the wall, and in order to reach her lover the girl tied a rope to the tree so that she could slide to the ground. But as she caught hold of the rope the knot slipped, and she fell heavily. The young man rushed forward, only to find her lifeless at the foot of the wall. The gods, in pity, changed her to a lovely flower, which ever since has been known as the wallflower.



## THE INDIAN LEGEND OF THE POPPY.

MANY years ago there lived a king who, while hunting one day with his courtiers in a forest, met a beautiful girl with whom he fell in love. In reply to his questions, she told him that her name was Postimani, that she was the daughter of a prince killed in battle, and had been found wandering and adopted by a magician.



The King married her amid great rejoicing, and they lived very happily, until one day, whilst standing beside a well, she became giddy, and, falling backwards, was drowned.

So stricken with grief was the King that his life was despaired of until the arrival of the magician, who, craving audience of the King, confessed that Postimani had deceived him. In reality she had been a little pet mouse and, becoming dissatisfied with her form, had prevailed upon the magician to change her in turn into a cat, a dog, a monkey, and finally a beautiful woman.

Then the King, in a fury, forbade her name ever to be mentioned, and ordered the well to be filled in. Later, there grew upon the site great masses of the opium poppy, whose mysterious seeds give to those who taste them the strange qualities of Postimani's many forms.





A STITCH IN TIME.

FROM THE WATER-COLOUR BY W. E. WEBSTER. SHOWN AT THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.



## THE MOON IN HER LAP—Continued from page 12

she knew quite well that jobs like that did not come the way of people who had babies to which, in the opinion of society, they were not entitled; people who washed dishes in horrible underground rooms that smelt—as she had hoped never to smell again. She raised her eyes to the radiant face on the easel; yes, he might be kind and easy-going with all her silliness; but that lovely vision would want more—more than the most Prim, with all her ignorance, and nothing but her baby-love to recommend her, could ever give. She gasped, "I can't," covered her face with her hands, and burst into tears.

"What's this? What's this?" cried Mr. Robertson, with a swift return of his former inascibility. She broke away from his restraining hand.

"How can I? Look at me—and look at her!" she broke out, with a wild gesture towards the easel. "She'll want a proper nurse, all dressed up in white, and trained in hospital—"

"Jumping Jehoshaphat!" said Mr. Robertson, who, when deeply moved, ran to strange oaths. "Isn't there a shop round the corner? Is there any law of god, man or devil that prevents our going there in the morning and rigging you out with enough white stuff to furnish a trousseau?—Only trousseaux aren't white nowadays, more's the pity. And as for the contemptible twaddle you're talking about hospital, which only shows what a silly girl you are, if there is one thing calculated to drive my wife completely crazy, it is to have about her, or near her, or under the same roof, a young woman who has been in or near, or connected with, any hospital in Great Britain and Ireland. The nurse we had before was a funny little thing my wife picked up when she was painting in Germany—yes, she's an artist too, and a much better one than I, don't you forget it. She picked up the girl because she'd suddenly remembered the baby would be along any day, and she thought it would be fun, and good for everybody, to have something that looked like a figure out of Noah's Ark stumping about the place! So unhospitably! Her mother was simply furious; she tried to blame Bette when—things went wrong. The fool! It was Bette who kept the kid alive for three days after the doctors had given up trying—just by the strength of her own devotion. She went back to Germany absolutely broken-hearted. . . . Have I said enough?" snapped Mr. Robertson; "or are you," he added, with a virulence of scorn that made Prim's soul shiver, "just going to chuck the job up when the poor wretched brat's got used to you?"

" . . . Where are we going to sleep?" asked Prim Hardy, as she gathered the slumbering Augustus to her bosom.

"You can tell me about your kid some time, if you like," said Mr. Robertson, quite mildly, as he left them in the room, which, some extra sense told Prim, had been the nursery in the old days. There was nothing nursery-like about it now, and its beauty and luxury scared Prim almost out of her wits until, having washed herself and Augustus very carefully all over, in the water that bubbled out of silver taps into the beautiful, shell-like hand-basin, she lay down in the darkness with Augustus clasped in her arms. Never again, even if it meant staying awake all night, would

she put a baby down beside her. . . . And in the night watches it came to her that another baby had slept and cried and played in this very room.

On Christmas Eve, none of Mr. Robertson's friends would have known the studio, from which, at other Christmases, all sign or sound of the season had been rigidly excluded; for it was indeed his habit, at this time of year, to work, as he had said, like hell, to keep himself from thinking of things that were better out of mind. Mrs. Robertson, rushing up the stairs and into the studio, caught her breath, as she recognised stars and coloured balls, and ridiculous paper bells and streamers which she herself had helped to put away six years ago.

"Hugh! Where is it? Oh, Hugh," she cried, kissing him, "it's too good to believe." And Mr. Robertson, who was not without intelligence where Mrs. Robertson was concerned, knew that she referred, not merely to Augustus, who waited, crackling with starch in Prim's arms, for their agreed signal of entrance, but to the fact that, after five years, it was at last possible for them to spend Christmas together. Their joy had taken the same course, but not so their pain, which had forced them apart at a time when, above all others, it is most natural for people who care for each other to be together.

"Is he lovely?" begged Mrs. Robertson, clapping her hands with impatience, for Mr. Robertson had flatly refused to admit the rival interest until he had enjoyed to the full his unlooked-for delight in his wife's return.

"My dear, he is as ugly as sin," replied Mr. Robertson with conviction. A cry came from the other side of the half-open door.

"Oh, he's not! . . . You're not, are you, my pretty? . . . Excuse me, Mum, but you must let us come in!" Without waiting for permission, Prim entered wildly, a vision of outraged motherhood, with Augustus in her arms; the pair of them so radiant it was like the coming of two angels! "He's always calling him, Mum!" she protested, with a frown at Mr. Robertson. "But you see for yourself!" So unorthodox, so beautiful an entrance that it surely, thought Aileen Robertson, would have conquered any heart, however hardened. She turned, to give the slightly shamefaced Mr. Robertson a quick kiss of commendation for what he had done, before running to meet them across the studio floor; and, indeed, Augustus, although hardly handsome, looked so dandy, and so rudely cheerful in his new garments, that even his father by adoption (Mr. Robertson grimaced at the designation) had to admit he was not such a bad little chap by any means. "He's a perfect Christmas King!" Aileen was crying, as she took him from Prim's arms. But it was at Prim, she looked, searchingly and silently; for she had had another conversation with Mr. Robertson on the telephone, and had fully agreed with him that, if she was possible at all, she must stay to have charge of Augustus. The scrutiny came to an end with a quick nod, and a kiss which, brushing Prim's cheek as lightly as a feather, told her that, at last, she had received the moon in her lap. [THE END.]



Without waiting for permission, Prim entered wildly, a vision of outraged motherhood, with Augustus in her arms; the pair of them so radiant it was like the coming of two angels.





She brought the lamp, and there was a young person crouched down outside the door . . . "It's a gipsy," says Mother. "Come in, Joe, and shut the door."

## PRINCESS BA

By BECHHOFFER ROBERTS,

Author of "The Coat of Many Colours," and "The Jury Disagree."

Illustrated by GORDON NICOLL, R.I.



WHEN Mr. Todd, the groom, went away with the Yeomanry to fight Boneypart (and he beat him, too!), I sort of took his place at the Hall. I was a lad of nineteen then, but Mr. Williams—he's the Squire, you know, up at the Hall, but it's his father I'm talking about—he said I'd better take Mr. Todd's place till he come back. Ten shillings a week the Squire paid me; and I often made as much as twelve, what with presents. You'd want twenty shillings a week, nowadays, to live as well as you could then on ten: prices are terrible high nowadays.

Well, one night Mother and me was pulling up our chairs to have a bite of supper. It was a wild winter night, and you know how the wind does blow in those parts. We heard a little tap-tapping at the door, but we didn't take no notice, thinking as how it sounded like a bird tapping or maybe a mouse. You see, Nellie, our collie-dog, she didn't bark or nothing. So Mother and me went on eating. Then the tap-tap came again, and I got up and opened the door. You could have knocked me down with a straw when I looked out!

"Bring a light, Mother—quick!" says I.

She brought the lamp, and there was a young person crouched down outside the door, with her head sunk nigh the ground. She was dressed queer, all wrapped up in a long striped robe, like a thrush's breast, and it was covered with spangles and such. On her feet was red leather sandals, and she wore no shawl or bonnet, but in her hair there was a sprig of a yellow flower, so sweet-scented we could smell it across the room.

"It's a gipsy," says Mother. "Come in, Joe, and shut the door. I want no diddickays in my cottage."

"She's no diddickay," says I, bending down. "She's clean!"

"Who is she, then?" says Mother, and bends down to the young person. "Who are you," says she; "and what do you want?"

The young person raised her head and looked at us. I never see anything so beautiful in all my days—no, and not since then, neither. Her eyes were like winter-pickets—what some folks calls sloes—and her lips as red as briar-hips. And her little cheeks were downy-pink, like ripe peaches. But she didn't say nothing. She just looked up at us, all pitiful like.

"What do you want, my dear?" Mother says again. "Don't 'ee lie there in the dirt. Stand up, dear!"

But the girl kept looking at us with that pitiful face, and she never said nothing at all.

"Help her up, Joe," says Mother, and I raised her.

Her waist was so little and soft I could join my hands round it. And that yellow flower smelled sweet.

"Now come in, my dear," says Mother. "You're trembling cold, surely. Come in and sit down to warm."

No move did the young person make. She just leaned against me and looked at us all frightened like.

"She's took by the cold," says Mother. "Carry her in, Joe."

I lifted her, and she didn't weigh heavier than a rabbit; and I brought her inside to the fire.

"Sit her on that chair, Joe," says Mother, and to her, "You'll soon be right now, my dear."

Now this was a funny thing. No sooner I set her on the chair she slipped off it and squatted down on the hearth, with all her little weight on her toes, crouching like. And when I lifted her again, she just slid off that chair and squatted again, like she'd never seen a chair before.

"Leave her be," says Mother. "When she's warm she'll be herself." And Mother asks her where she came from, but she didn't say nothing.

"Maybe she's hard of hearing," says Mother, and says to her very loud, "What do they call 'ee then?"

The young person looked at Mother, timid like. Then she pointed to her and said, "Ba! Ba!"—just like that.

"That's not a name, Joe," says Mother, angry.

"Yes, 'tis surely," says I, and I don't know to this day why I was so sure I was right. I guess I didn't like Mother being angry with her.

Mother and me got to arguing. Mother said the young person was simple. I said no, she was foreign; and then I see her point to her mouth and moan.

"She's hungry," says I. "Let's give her something to eat."

Mother cut a slice of bread and a bit of cheese, and took them over to her. But she looked at them like she didn't know what they was for, and shook her head.

"I don't know what she wants," says Mother, angry.

So I raised the young person up and takes her to the pantry, making signs she should choose whatever she liked. She must have understood, for she nodded her head and pointed to a jug of milk standing on the slates. Then she saw a bag of rice and pointed to it. I give it to her along with the milk.

She walked back to the fire and looked round, questing like. So I handed her a pan, and she smiled at me and nodded. We was getting along fine, just like talking.

She poured the milk and rice into the pan and boiled it, stirring it with a piece of wood. When it was cooked—and she never said a word nor rose from her toes all that time—she stood it aside to cool; and then she sat down on the floor and ate it, making balls of the rice with her fingers.

"Funny manners!" sniffs Mother; but we saw how clean the young person ate. When she finished it, she smiled up at me and laid herself flat down on the floor.

"She can't lie there," says Mother. "It's not Christian."

"Maybe she's no Christian," says I.

"Well, this is a Christian house," says Mother. "She can sleep along with me."

But I knew this would never do, for a young lady wouldn't like sleeping double, and I could see she was gentry, though foreign.

"She can have my bed," I said, "and I'll shake down on the floor."

So I made my bed for her and lifted her into it. I don't know what she thought, but she sort of struggled, even though Mother came with us.



"She don't rightly understand, Joe," says Mother. "Leave me show her."

So I left them, but in a minute they was back.

"Sleep in that bed she won't," says Mother. "Seems like she don't hold with a bed no more than a chair."

But Mother was wrong, for when the young lady—Ba, as her name was—saw the bed I'd made on the floor she pointed to it and to herself; and she folded her hands under her head and swayed about, like to show she wished to sleep there.

We let her get into it, and it wasn't above a minute than we heard her sleeping. Mother and I talked in whispers, for fear of waking her, and set to thinking what we ought to do.

"It's clear she's foreign or simple," says Mother. "We must tell Squire Williams about her."

"Maybe he'll take her up for vagranting," I says, "and he's terrible hard on vagrants. But she's no vagrant."

"What else is she then, Joe?"

"She's gentry, surely."

"How came she here, then?"

"Bristol ain't above far," says I. "Maybe she wandered off a ship."

"Wandered, eh?" says Mother. "Then to Squire Williams she must go, and that's flat."

I didn't say nothing, but I felt Mother looking at me.

"Seems like you're struck with her, Joe," she says.

I laughed, but I knew Mother was right. I never see so lovable a person in all my days.

"Ba! Miss Ba!" I calls to her next morning, and the young person woke up and smiled at me. It was her name, sure enough.

We gave her some milk, and I took her up to the Hall, she trip-tripping beside me like a queen. The gardeners was so foolish: they laughed at her robe and her little red sandals and the yellow flower in her hair.

"Who's the diddickay?" one of them shouted, but I made like I didn't hear him; and Ba, of course, she couldn't understand.

Squire Williams come out at last to us, wiping the ale from his lips. "Well, Joe," he says, "who's this young person?"

She smiles and drops him a curtsy; and I tells him how she come to us unexpected last night, and we can't make nothing of her, except that she's gentry and foreign, and her name is Ba.

"That's no name," says Squire, looking at her down his nose.

She might almost have understood him, the way she curtsied and pointed to herself and says, "Ba, Ba," the same as before.

Squire Williams must have seen she was gentry, for he calls us inside the house and says to her, "Won't you sit down, young lady?"

She looked at him, puzzled like, and I told him that she didn't understand English and, what was more, that she hadn't the habit to sit in a chair.

"Well, I have," says he, and sits down.

At once she squatted down on her toes, looking up at us.

"I wonder if she speaks French," says the Squire, and talks to her in a foreign lingo. She only shook her head and looks across at me. But what could I do?

So I tells him all that happened: how she came to us tap-tapping, and our old dog never barked, and how she was cold and blown and sat by the fire, and made herself a dish of rice and milk, and slept on a floor-bed.

"Maybe she's a gipsy, after all, Joe," says he.

"She's no gipsy," I said.

Then Mr. Field came in, the rector, and Squire Williams tells him all that had happened. Seems like Mr. Field knew it already: Mother had been to see him.

"Those are Eastern clothes she's wearing," says Mr. Field, "and Eastern manners she has. I'll try her with the Hebrew and the Sanskrit."

So he spoke to her funny like, but she only shook her head. Then Mrs. Williams come in, the Squire's wife, and a very sweet lady she always was. She was surprised to find us with a strange young lady.

"Tell Mrs. Williams all about her, Joe," says the Squire, and I tells my story again.

"She's gentry: that I'll swear to," I says at the end. "She's no gipsy."

The Squire laughs. "You'll stand surety for her, will you, Joe?"

"I'll do anything to help her, Squire," says I, and they all laughed at me. Then, all of a sudden, the girl gave a little scream and closed her eyes. If I hadn't jumped behind and caught her, she'd have fallen right back on the floor.

"She's fainted, poor dear," says Mrs. Williams. "She ought to be put to bed."

"Mother and me will be glad to look after her, Ma'am," says I, and picks her up in my arms. But I saw Mrs. Williams look across at the Squire, who never could refuse her anything, and she whispered something to him.

"All right, my dear," says he, "she shall stay here."

I didn't want this at all. "She'll be well enough with Mother and me," I says.

"You said yourself she was gentry," said Mrs. Williams, and that stumped me.

I'd never dared to speak up to the Squire's wife before, but I said, "You'll be kind to her, Ma'am?"

"As if she was my own daughter," says she, and turns away. I knew the grief she had, that she'd never borne a child.

Squire Williams, himself, bent down and carried the girl upstairs. Mrs. Williams went with him, and Mr. Field, the rector, went into another room to take a book. They'd all forgotten about me, so I turns around and out I went, back to the cottage. I didn't like leaving poor Miss Ba with them, but I couldn't do nothing. They was gentry.

Just as I come to our gate, I hear our dog barking like mad, and there was a yellow-faced man with a pigtail leaning against our fence.

"What do you want?" I asks him.

"Not'ing much," says he. I could tell he was foreign by his voice.

"Looking for somebody?" says I.

"Maybe," says he, cautious like.

"Is it an Eastern lady you're seeking?"

"I come from the East," says he.

"Then she's up at the Hall," I says.

The foreign man scratched his chin. He didn't say nothing.

"You'd better come up there with me," I says, "and you can tell us what she says."

"All right," he says, "but no harm, mind!"

"If you're her friend," says I, "I'm yours. This way," I says, and I leads the foreign man up to the Hall.

When Ba sees the yellow-faced man—and Mrs. Williams took us straight up to the room where she was in bed—a real bed this time!—she looks startled, like she didn't want him to speak to her.

But he said something to her, something none of us others could understand, and then her face sort of lighted up and she smiled. Then she spoke to him in the same lingo, and he answered her, and they went on talking.

After they talked a while, Squire Williams says to the foreign man, "Tell us what she says, man. How came she here?"

"One minute, Sir, please. I get all her story," says Yellow Face, and at it they goes again, both of them jabbering that queer lingo. At last he nods his head, like he was satisfied. Then he bows down very low to her, and gets up again and turns to us.

"The young lady is Princess, Sir," he says. "She come from Malay country."

"Where's that?" Mrs. Williams asks.

"Malay country is in Indies, Ma'am," says Yellow Face. "Many islands, that is Malay country. People fight too much."

"You say she's a Princess?" says Squire.

"Yes, Sir. Her father is big rajah, like you say king, and he have many peoples under him. He live on very big island, Malay island. He very rich man. I know his island."

"You've been there, have you?" Squire asks.

"No, not been there, Sir; but been near by and heard of great rajah. He no more rajah."

"What do you mean, man?"

"Princess, she just tell me. Last year another rajah, very bad man, he tell her father he want marry Princess, this lady. If her father not willing, bad rajah come and take her away."

You could have knocked me down with a feather, as the saying is. Yet I'd known all along she was gentry.



"When the Princess sees them pulling away, she jumps into water and swims to them."



"Princess's father, he say, 'No, you are bad man; my daughter not marry bad man. If you try take her, I kill you.' But bad rajah laugh, and come there all the same. He come with a hundred sampans—they are little-ships, Sir—with naked soldiers in them, and they come to island at night and hide in trees down by water. Next morning Princess go down there to swim with her girls, and bad rajah jumps out from trees and catch them and drags them away to boats.

"But Princess screams very loud, and waked her father, the rajah. He come running out with his men and sees what the bad men are doing. Then they fight, long, long time. Many people killed, Sir. Very bad fight. Princess fight, too: she picks up knife and kills bad rajah. But bad men very strong, and they carry her off in their boats. Only, when they see their rajah dead, they don't know what to do with Princess.

"They row all afternoon, going back to their island, and come very near it, when big ship, Dutch ship, sails up and asks them, 'What you been doing?' The bad men try to get away, but the Dutch sailors send out a boat and come beside canoe where Princess is. 'What you been doing, bad men?' they ask. 'Who is this lady?'

"The bad men they laugh and tap their heads, like she was mad girl, and the Dutchmen laugh, too, and start to go away back to their ship. But when the Princess sees them pulling away, she jumps into water and swims to them. The Dutchmen stop and pull her into boat and take her to their own ship. They didn't know what was wrong, but they won't listen to the bad men when they ask to give Princess back. So the Dutchmen took her to Batavia, which is big Dutch port in Malay country."

My eyes were on Princess Ba all the time Yellow Face was talking, and, when he named Batavia, I saw her nod her head like she understood. Then I knew he was telling her story right.

"At Batavia," he went on, "the Dutch people treated the Princess with much honour, for her father had been very big rajah and her people very rich people. But weather was bad: no ships can't sail back to her island, so the Dutchmen ask her if she'd like to see Dutch country. She say, 'No, I rather stay in Batavia till weather better.' But the captain of the Dutch ship that took her from bad men, he fall in love with her and ask her to visit him on board one day. As soon as she come there he sail away and take her with him. That Dutchman was very bad man.

"They sail long, long time. Come to one port, come to another. Princess looking out all the time to run away from ship, but Dutch captain lock her in her cabin, and not allowing her. Then they come to Bristol. Princess waiting till everybody drinking too much: then she jumped into harbour and swim ashore, nobody looking. She very frightened. She think, 'If anybody see me here, they give me back to Dutch captain, and he take me to his country.' So she run away from Bristol and start walking, walking, till she come here. That's all!"

"Bristol!" says Princess Ba all of a sudden, and gives a little scream, like she was frightened.

"She understands him," said Mr. Field, the rector, who had come upstairs with us.

"Only the names of towns," says Mrs. Williams quietly.

Squire Williams looks at Yellow Face very stern. "Can she prove it?" he asks him.

So Yellow Face starts jabbering again to Princess Ba in their lingo, and she answers him.

"She say, Sir," he says at last, "every Dutch captain know her country. Her father very big rajah."

"That don't help us much," says the Squire. "There's no Dutch captains here. Ask her, man, if she'll come to Bristol with us and see if that Dutch vessel's still there."

You should have seen the pitiful face the Princess made when the yellow man told her what he'd been told to ask.

"Bristol?" she says, pronouncing it odd-like. "Oh—oh—oh," and she shakes her head from side to side. "That means 'No' in Malay tongue," says Yellow Face. "She very frightened to go to Bristol."

She looks over at him and says something.

"Princess says, Sir, please keep her here till Dutch captain sailed away and everybody forgetting. Then she go to Bristol and maybe find ship to take her home."

You never saw anybody smile so sweet as Princess Ba when Squire and Mrs. Williams told her, through Yellow Face, that she should stay with them till she was safe. She kissed Mrs. Williams's hand and tried to kiss the Squire's too, only he snatched his away.

"You'd better look after Yellow Face here, Joe," says the Squire to me. "Seeing he's the only person that can speak her tongue. What are you planning to do?" he says to the man.

"I going London, Sir, selling pretty things from East. Maybe you like to see them? Plenty pretty clothes for Princess here and for your lady, Sir."

"Go and fetch 'em," says Squire Williams, and, when the man came back with his bundle, which he'd left under a hedge, Mrs. Williams chose all manner of things for Princess Ba and herself, and Squire paid Yellow Face whatever he asked. Squire always wanted to please his lady.

But that night Yellow Face disappeared. Nobody knew which way he'd gone. So Mrs. Williams, she told me I must help to teach Princess Ba, as we called her, to speak English. Mrs. Williams knew I was taken by her. So did Sally, Mrs. Williams's own maid. She was terrible jealous of me and the Princess.

It was wonderful how quick the Princess was learning English ways. It wasn't a week before she was sitting at table and, so I heard, eating her victuals like she'd been brought up to them, instead of pigging it on the floor, as you might say. And she learned to speak English, too. It was funny, the way she used the words, like they was foreign. But I could understand her, before any of the others could: she and I got on wonderful well together.

She used to come to the stables and watch me with the horses. I asked her one morning if she could ride. She didn't seem to know what I meant, so I jumped on a horse and showed her.

"Yo am clever, Zoe," she said. She never could say "Joe," proper like; I was always "Zoe" to her.

I asked Squire Williams if I might teach her to ride, and he said yes. She learned very quick, and it wasn't

long before we used to go out rides together. But

she was always frightened if we met people:

seems like she couldn't forget her fear of

that Dutch captain. At home—I mean,

at the Hall—there wasn't anything to

fear, for Squire and Mrs. Williams

never had people to stay with them

except they were relations. All

of these took to the Princess

kindly, because Mrs. Williams

was so taken with her.

One evening Ba and I

were riding down by the

river, just where the

Squire's land marched with

Lady Carington's. It was

a favourite ride of the

Princess: she said it

minded her of the island

where she was born: the

trees were so big, and the

air so still, and she loved to

watch the birds and the

fishes.

We got off our horses that

evening and was sitting down

on an old tree that had been

dropped last autumn.

"It's wonderful how you've

learned to speak English, Princess,"

says I to her. "Nobody would think

you was a foreigner: sometimes you

speak like you was English born."

She laughed at this and turned to me

quickly, like she was going to say something.

But just at that moment I see two ladies

watching us over the hedge. They was Lady

Carington, who the Squire couldn't abide and

never met, and a strange lady. The Princess

didn't see them at first.

Then I heard Lady Carington say something, though I couldn't hear what it was, and then the strange lady started laughing. They both looked at the Princess and laughed and laughed: I never see such bad manners.

Princess Ba looked up and saw them, and she gave a little squeak, like she was in pain.

"Oh, Zoe," she says, "quick! Me want go home:—Me got bad ache. Quick! Quick!"

She ran to her horse, and I helped her on, and at once she started galloping away like the devil was after her. I never see her ride so fast before, and I was feared the horse would bolt with her. I jumped in the saddle and after her; and as I went I saw those two ladies laughing and laughing like they was fit to die.

I couldn't understand anything to it.

"What's the matter, Princess?" I asks her when at last I caught her up.

"Me very ill, Zoe," says she. And I saw she was all red and yet shivering: it looked like a fever.

When we reached the stables she nigh fell off the horse, and I had to catch her for fear she fell down.

"Oh, Zoe," she says, "me so unhappy! Me think you like me, though."

"I do indeed, Princess," says I, all trembling for what I should have liked to say.

She threw her arms round my neck and kissed me, before I could stop her. It wasn't my place to be kissed by a Princess.

"And me like you," she says.

(Continued on page 60.)



She buckled to like a good one, and went into service at the inn.





*Peinture de M. Delaunay*

Vue prise des Champs Elysées

*Remorqueur à vapeur de l'invention de M. M. Dietz et Hermann Mécaniciens*

The first motor-car to run in France: Charles Dietz's steam tug, the "Protée," seen in the Champs Elysées in 1834, on the occasion of its historic journey to St. Germain and back.

## ANCESTORS OF THE MOTOR CAR: STEAM CARRIAGES TAKE THE ROAD.

All reproductions, except that of the Leech caricature, from the originals in the Audouin Dollfus Collection.

Christmas is a time when the winter traffic on the roads is likely to reach its highest level. The article that follows, based on one by M. Charles Dollfus in our famous contemporary "L'Illustration," is therefore of special interest at the moment.

at Paris, who produced the steam vehicle under discussion. This was in the form of a "tug"—an engine, with a tubular boiler, borne on three wheels. The front one was the steering wheel; the other two were worked by chains from the two cylinders. The tyres were wooden

[Continued on page 24.]

**T**HE early history of the motor-car is, on the whole, little known. Few people are aware that the three months from July to September 1934 were the centenary of important developments in economic road transport—among them the earliest motoring done in France. As long ago as 1769 and 1770 Cugnot produced his famous steam trolley. This was the first steam vehicle in the world and the first application of steam to the movement of a wheel. But Cugnot's carriage never left the experimental stage and its achievements were only very limited.

The first motor-car to run in France was Charles Dietz's "steam tug for ordinary roads," which ran in the streets of Paris from August 1834 onwards, and made its first town-to-town journey, between Paris and St. Germain, on Sept. 26, 1834. In England steam cars had from 1824 onwards been the subject of very interesting experiments, by Gordon, James, Burstall, Hill, Gurney, and later Hancock. These experiments had attracted the attention of a Darmstadt engineer, Johann Christian Dietz (1773-1849), who lived at Brussels and there built in 1832 a steam road-train with six-wheeled carriages. Dietz's train ran in Brussels and made several journeys between that city and Antwerp. His two sons, Christian and Charles, also began to build road-engines, and it was Charles Dietz, living



A steam car built by F. Hill in 1839—the general design resembling that of a contemporary coach: the work of a motoring pioneer who ran a public service with this machine between Birmingham and London.





# ANCESTORS OF THE MOTOR CAR: THE

TROUBLE AT A LONDON TURNPIKE ON THE ARRIVAL OF AN

"Soon shall thy arm, unconquered steam! afar Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car; Or of

FROM THE WATER-COLOUR

# STEAM CARRIAGE TAKES THE ROAD.

UNSCHEDULED VEHICLE AT THE KNIGHTSBRIDGE TOLL-GATE.

wide waving wings expanded bear The flying-chariot through the field of air." — *Brassius Darwin* (1731-1802).

BY CHARLES ROBINSON





The patent steam carriage of W. H. James, of 1828: a vehicle, with a tubular boiler, running on charcoal and coke—designed to carry eighteen passengers at a rate of from eight to twelve miles an hour.

#### ANCESTORS OF THE MOTOR CAR.—(Continued from page 21.)

blocks attached to the wheel rims by a cork lining which allowed a certain elasticity. The engine was of 30 h.p. and weighed  $7\frac{1}{2}$  tons. After some successful trials in August 1834, Dietz invited a party of members of the Industrial Academy to join him on his first trip on Sept. 26. Dietz himself drove the tug, which towed two coach-shaped carriages.

A vivid description of this historic journey has been left by one of the party, from which the following extracts may be given: "Leaving the Rond Point of the Champs Elysées at 10.15, we arrived at Neuilly at 10.32, where we stopped for eight minutes to fill up with water." There were more stops for water before the engine reached the foot of St. Germain hill at 12.30. "Here the tug, like any other vehicle, slowed down, and got to the top of the hill, opposite the park gates, at 12.43, having then used only two-fifths of its available power to climb in thirteen minutes the longest and steepest hill within forty miles of Paris.

This superb achievement of M. Dietz, the first really successful experiment of its kind in France, was for the passengers a brilliant and novel spectacle. No words can describe the magnificent picture of the enormous crowd surging from the gates of the park to the foot of the hill, so dense that the carriage could hardly force its

way through. It was a wonderful reward for the engine's inventor and a triumphal entry for his masterpiece." Dietz was immediately presented with a gold medal on the scene of his triumph.

When the party took the road again on the return journey there was nearly a mishap at Bougival. "A carter, overwhelmed with surprise at the sight of this horseless carriage, forgot his team of horses, which, left to

themselves, took fright and entangled their cart in the back of the tug. Dietz reduced his speed of twelve miles an hour to a full stop and avoided an accident." It was estimated that with an average speed of ten miles an hour the consumption of water was 220 gallons an hour and of coal about 30 lb. a mile.

In August 1835 Dietz started a regular service between Paris and Versailles, his coach holding thirty-two passengers. The service ran for several weeks, but had to be abandoned as it did not pay.

The most striking point about Dietz's machine is that it was the first steam vehicle of any kind to run in Paris; for in 1834 the only railways in France were those between Lyons and St. Étienne and in some of the southern mining districts. They were unknown to the people of Paris, who had to wait till 1837 before having trains between St. Germain and Versailles, covering the same route as that taken by Dietz's tug.

In Great Britain steam vehicles had progressed much further, assisted by the development of mechanical knowledge and the cheapness of coal, which was still rare in France. Between 1826 and 1836 steam coaches were thought to be serious rivals of the railways; but they were bound to fail in the end, being pitted against the railway directors, the goods traffic managers, and the toll-gate owners, who



HYDE PARK AS IT WILL BE

"Hyde Park as it will be": a prophetic caricature done by Leech in 1830, at a time when the growing efficiency of steam transport gave visions of a day when it would be in universal use.





"LISTENING TO THE WAITS."



"THE WAITS."

KEEPING CHRISTMAS: FLOURISHES IN MAYFAIR.

FROM THE PICTURES BY EDMUND BLAMPID.





### CHRISTMAS EVE AT DINGLEY DELL: MR. PICKWICK SALUTES THE OLD LADY BENEATH THE MYSTIC BRANCH.

"... All three repaired to the large kitchen, in which the family were by this time assembled, according to annual custom on Christmas eve, observed by old Wardle's forefathers from time immemorial. From the centre of the ceiling of this kitchen, old Wardle had just suspended, with his own hands, a huge branch of mistletoe, and this same branch of mistletoe instantaneously gave rise to a scene of general and delightful struggling and confusion; in the midst of which, Mr. Pickwick, with a gallantry that would have done honour to a descendant of Lady Tollingtower herself, took the old lady by the hand, led her beneath the mystic branch, and saluted her in all courtesy and decorum."

FROM THE PICTURE BY FRANK REYNOLDS, R.I.





"THE FROZEN RIVER."—By Hendrick van Avercamp.

*Reproduced by Courtesy of the Owner. (Copyright Reserved.)*



"A WINTER SCENE."—By Abraham Rademaker

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### WHEN WINTERS WERE WHITE: CHRISTMAS AS THE MASTERS SAW IT.

Green winters are so frequent these years that the pictures on this page and on following pages have a peculiar interest at Christmas.—The taciturn Hendrick van Avercamp was nicknamed "The Mute of Kampen." He was born at Amsterdam in 1585 and died about 1663. He preferred "Winter Scenes" to any others.—Abraham Rademaker was born at Amsterdam in 1675 and died in January 1735. It is said that he had no artistic training.





"A WINTER SCENE."—By Jacob Cats.

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"WINTER IN NORFOLK."—By Henry Bright.

*By Courtesy of Messrs. Vickers Brothers, 12, Old Bond Street, W.1. (Copyright Reserved.)*

## WHEN WINTERS WERE WHITE: CHRISTMAS AS THE MASTERS SAW IT.

Jacob Cats was born in 1741 and died in Amsterdam in 1799.—Henry Bright, of the Norwich School, was born in 1814 and died in 1873.





## WHEN WINTERS WERE WHITE:

BY LUCAS VAN

Lucas van Valkenborch was born in Malines (Mechlin) about 1540 and died in Brussels about 1625. He painted not only landscapes and genre subjects, with peasants and soldiers, but portraits in

*Reproduced by Courtesy of the Director of the Vienna Art Museum, which owns the*



## "VILLAGE IN THE SNOW."

VALKENBORCH.

1625. He was registered in the Guild of St. Luke in 1560 and became a master in 1564. After 1566, when in Antwerp, he is believed to have studied under Pieter Breughel.

*Original, from a Colour Print Produced by the Austrian State Printing Works, Vienna.*





IN THE DAYS OF GREAT-GREAT-GRANDMAMMA:  
"THE EMPTY PURSE."

FROM THE PAINTING BY JAMES COLLINSON.





IN THE DAYS OF GREAT-GRANDMAMMA: "LONDON VISITORS."

FROM THE PAINTING BY TISSOT

Reproduced from the Original by James Jacques Joseph Tissot by Courtesy of the Pilsner Gallery, 27, King Street, St. James's, S.W. 1. (Copyright Reserved)





**"A NAUTICAL ENTHUSIAST."**

FROM THE PAINTING BY A. D. MCCORMICK, R.I.

*Shown at the Exhibition of the Royal Institute of Painters in Watercolours. (Copyright Reserved.)*





Now she was, once again, a little girl. The shabby, darned garments were changed into a dress of frilly white muslin.

## BOUNTY FOR THE DESTITUTE.

By SYBIL BOLITHO and CEN FEARNLEY,  
Authors of "Mrs. Rudd Writes Home."

Illustrated by EDWARD OSMOND.

**M**ISS PILGRIM walked rapidly down the darkening street, an aqueous figure in her transparent raincoat and shabby as the weather itself. The morning snow, with its cheerful promise of a white Christmas, had turned into a misty and insistent rain. Miss Pilgrim found this last stretch of the way, unlit by shops and far from any bus stop, extremely distasteful. Her feet ached; her woollen gloves were moist against the palms of her hands, and the elastic of her bloomers bit into her plump knees. A sudden gust all but snatched her umbrella from her grasp. Never, she thought, panting a little, would she reach the end of this interminable journey. When the turn of the road came at last and she found the house she was seeking, she pushed open the area gate and clanged it behind her with blunt relief. Down in the basement a cheerful flicker welcomed her approach.

Miss Pilgrim descended with a step that was no longer hurried, but cautious, for the heels of her shoes were soft and frayed, and liable to slip on the ticklish stairway. On the last step she paused to furl her umbrella and recover her breath. From her handbag, that was bulging and shapeless as a rucksack, she took a tiny mirror, and by the watery light of the street-lamp she powdered her nose and added a dash of lipstick to her soft, full, rather overblown mouth. Though the rain dripped on her hat, she continued to peer at her reflection. Even in this nebulous light she was forced to notice contours both stout and drooping; only her eyes, she thought, still kept their velvety glow, and her hair, touched-up inexpensively last week, something of its former curl. A last pat and dab, and she replaced her mirror, straightened her shoulders, and reached up for the brass door-knocker.

But the door was flung open before Miss Pilgrim could sound it. She gave a startled exclamation; her hat was knocked askew without ceremony as something that appeared to be a laundry-basket on gaitered legs collided into her. Immediately a woman's strident voice cried out: "Look what you're to, Gallant, you clumsy! Make way for the gentry!"

With muffled rumblings of apology the basket ducked and backed, then scuttled up the steps and disappeared behind the railings. Miss Pilgrim, recovering herself, turned to greet the figure standing in the doorway. "Dear me, Annie, such a boisterous welcome."

"He didn't hurt you, Miss Emily? Rude rough that he is. Don't take note of him, but come in quick out of the wet and warm yourself by the fire."

No second bidding was necessary. After a perfunctory use of the foot-scraper, Miss Pilgrim passed quickly through the narrow flagged passage

that led into Mrs. Gallant's kitchen. "Do I smell muffins?" she asked, as she stooped beneath the lines, of fine laundry strung like bunting across the ceiling of the room.

"Yes, and if your nose is as sharp as your dear Ma's used to be, Miss, it'd get shrimps, too. Here, put your feet near them bars, and by the time they're nicely toasted, I'll have tea mashed in the back parlour."

Miss Pilgrim wriggled out of her dripping coat and sank into the windsor chair drawn close to the grate. She closed her eyes, and her cold red hands, stripped of their protective gloves, lay for a moment unguarded on her lap. She sat thus without stirring or speaking, unaware that Mrs. Gallant was kneeling beside her and fumbling at the straps of her soggy shoes. This was peace. This was magic. Here, something more than her tired and hungry body would receive its proper nourishment.

"Annie," said Miss Pilgrim, opening her eyes, "why the back parlour? Let us have tea where we are. You know I always prefer it."

Mrs. Gallant rose from the floor. She was an angular woman who smelled of yellow soap, and resembled nothing so much, to Miss Pilgrim's fancy, as one of her own clothes-horses. She towered above her visitor and tossed her elderly, bony head; but this Miss Pilgrim did not observe, for her gaze was on the room.

Nothing, she noted with satisfaction, had been changed or moved. The deep copper pans shone like firemen's helmets as they always did, and the shadow of the mangle on the glass partition by the scullery once more resembled a beckoning arm. In neat formation stood the irons with their patchwork holders, and patchwork, also, was the rug, a Joseph's coat that made the hearthstone gay as a bed of flowers.

Miss Pilgrim beheld other things as well. Indulging in the luxury of the hour, she was weaving a spell, and her surroundings were miraculously charged with its potent sorcery. Strange sights and sounds came slipping through the past, which wafted its cloudy incense about the kitchen—about Miss Pilgrim herself. For now she was, once again, a little girl. The shabby, darned garments were changed into a dress of frilly white muslin, and where before red hands had hidden themselves in woollen gloves, ten little fingers, like frail flowers, now peeped from white lace mittens, and tiny feet, dangling in bronze slippers, played an expectant tattoo on the legs of the chair. Plates and bowls and dishes, and silver forks and spoons, and knives of mother-of-pearl decorated the huge table that floated like some rich galleon, docked in the vast kitchen. Salmon coated in amber-coloured jelly neighboured lobsters in scarlet armour; succulent roasts, fit for a king, showed beside foamy cream and fruit like jewels. Pyramids of fruit and castles of cream. And all this brilliant



cargo assaulted the nostrils of the little girl with tantalising, heady smells. Bowls rang with the beat of forks, pots clanged with the tinkle of spoons, and there was Annie, like a pirate captain, giving orders to her minions, stirring, tasting, ladling, rolling, flushed of face and short of temper. She was saying . . .

Mrs. Gallant's voice fell upon Miss Pilgrim's ear. "There you go, Miss Emily, teasing me. You'll be telling me next that it's like old times. Old times, indeed! My lovely kitchen at No. 46 and this—having to transmogrify what's little better than a cellar into wash-house and ironing-room. But you mean kindly, I'll be bound." She took a check cloth from a drawer and threw it across the table. "If I may make so bold," she asked, "how are things?"

Miss Pilgrim did not reply. A tremor crossed her face. Annie had awakened her harshly, calling her from the long-lost past. But Annie was right. Absurd indeed to compare to-day with yesterday; the girl she had been with the creature she was, who found it no amusing joke to sit for once with Cook in the kitchen, but a treat, dear God, a comfort, a rescue!

"I was saying to Gallant only this morning, I'll never get used to Miss Emily taking in lodgers." Mrs. Gallant clasped a cottage-loaf to her flat, starched bosom, and began to pare off generous slices with her black-handled bread-knife. "It's like me, in a manner of speaking, taking in washing."

"There can be no comparison, Annie!" Miss Pilgrim sat up with a jerk. "And what's wrong with you taking in washing? You are your own mistress. Better, surely, than being a servant?" She laughed for the first time, rather shrilly.

Mrs. Gallant moved across and took the kettle off the hob. "Draw up your chair, Miss. A nice cup of hot tea is just what you want. See, I've got a nice mince-pie for you. You must have one. You're looking a bit peaked to-day. You shouldn't have walked."

She was interrupted by another laugh. "Why not? Air and exercise are good for one." Suddenly Miss Pilgrim sobered. "I appreciate your worrying about me, Annie, but you needn't. Really not. Never again." She carefully smoothed a fold in her skirt. "Everything has come all right. I've given up my paying-guests. The last one was too troublesome. I've given up my flat, too." She turned back to the fire as Mrs. Gallant's sharp gaze bore down upon her. "I never liked flats. It's the way I was brought up, I suppose. No. 46 spoiled me, and I never got used to living any differently. Not even after Mother died."

"No, Miss," said Mrs. Gallant thoughtfully. "I always say once a lady, always a lady. When things get turning rancid on me, as goodness knows they often do, I say to myself there's one who don't change, no, not in all these years with their ups and downs and ins and outs, and more's the pity, and that's our Miss Em."

An extraordinary change came over Miss Pilgrim at these words. Her harassed features relaxed, while a quick flush suffused them. Her lips trembled, this time with pleasure. She was like a girl blushing at her lover's praise. "Oh, you can't mean it," she said softly.

Mrs. Gallant laid down the piece of bread-and-butter she had just picked up. "Mean it? Of course I mean it. Who but you would have come all this way on a bad day? Christmas Eve, too! Putting yourself out just to please your Ma's old Annie? Giving up a nice afternoon indoors with your pianoforte and your drawing, like you used to." The bread-and-butter resumed its journey. "I'm right glad about them lodgers," she added.

Miss Pilgrim still wore her high, happy look. She bent down to put on her shoes; they stood there on the floor, she thought, like little hostile creatures with a will of their own, all lumpy and creased, retaining the shape of her feet. She was careful how she used her fingers, and she kept her elbows down, conscious of the great darn, like a wound, in one of her sleeves. "It's rather a big house I live in now," she said. "Very high. I sleep on the top floor. It's quieter. I don't live there alone, of course. I couldn't afford that. But it's nicer, really. Nicer than being quite by myself. I don't seem to have so many friends nowadays. Not half so many as I had once. I'm getting on, I suppose."

Mrs. Gallant broke in indignantly. "What foolishness is that you're saying? You, Miss, in your prime? You're as pretty as ever you were, in my eyes."

"Thank you, Annie," said Miss Pilgrim, rather humbly.

Mrs. Gallant wiped her mouth with a corner of her apron. "I'm more glad than I can say to know your luck's turned, Miss Emily. You've had your fill of misfortunes. Your Pa losing his money, and your dear Ma dying, too, and you thrown on the world. You ought to have married. Yes, even if poor Mr. Edward did go and get killed. It's not right. Not for one like you, Miss. May I help you to some more jam? Home-made."

"To-night," said Miss Pilgrim, "I have a party. A big one. Like we used to give. Remember?"

Mrs. Gallant leaned forward, full of interest. "Fancy that now."

"That's why I can't stay late. I have to get back. Two waitresses coming in to help, and champagne, of course, and the flowers are lovely."

"What are you giving them to eat, Miss? And what will you be wearing?"

"Black," replied Miss Pilgrim. "Black and white."

Mrs. Gallant nodded. "Not very festive, is it? I've heard tell it's always smartest. Though black, Miss, with your high colouring . . ."

She cocked her head a trifle critically.

"White to the face," said Miss Pilgrim, hurriedly. "White to relieve it."

At this moment the cuckoo-clock screamed six times, and Miss Pilgrim gave the derisive bird a frightened glance. "Cinderella," she murmured under her breath, but did not repeat the word for Mrs. Gallant's benefit. The legs of the chair screeched on the stone floor as she pushed it back and got up from the table. "I must be going, Annie. At once."

Mrs. Gallant rose too, protesting loudly. "Now, Miss? And us just starting in on a good chat. If it wasn't a real honour to see you here at all, Miss Emily, I'd say it was too bad you have to go so early. Too bad. It's such a pleasure, more than a pleasure, to see you each month. I always say your visits keep me going."

"Me, too," said Miss Pilgrim. "I mean, I am happy you like me coming here," she added quickly. "But I mustn't keep my guests waiting, must I?"

Mrs. Gallant continued to give voluble expression to her regret while Miss Pilgrim drew on her gloves. She noticed then, that for all her alarm at the lateness of the hour, her caller seemed loath to take her leave. She stood quite still, looking slowly round the kitchen, as though gathering to herself its warm hospitality and friendly comfort.

"A month's not really long," said Miss Pilgrim, "is it, Annie?"

Mrs. Gallant laughed. "Lordy, no. Not when you've work to do like me. Time flies, that it does."

"And so must I," said Miss Pilgrim, taking up her umbrella, and making for the door. "For I've work to do too. Oh no, thank you, Annie, I'll just take a bus. Good-bye till next time. Next year, I can say. Happy Christmas!"

Mrs. Gallant saw her visitor out and stood at the foot of the area steps, waving and calling. "Don't overtire yourself to-night." She heard the echo of those scurrying footsteps long after the hastening figure was lost to sight in the gloom of the dark street. When she turned back to the kitchen, it seemed a little empty, a little forlorn. On the floor, where the damp shoes had rested, two tiny pools of water blinked in the firelight. Mrs. Gallant bent down to wipe them away. "Dear Miss Em," she murmured to herself, "I'm glad things are on the mend."

An hour later Miss Pilgrim stood dressing in her attic bedroom. She was out of breath from her hurried journey back. Though her room was certainly quiet, there were an immense number of stairs to climb to reach its sanctuary. She pulled her black dress over her head and sat down on the edge of her narrow bed. Suddenly she buried her face in her hands. . . . Once a lady, always a lady! Oh, Annie, Annie!

A voice from the floor below roused her. "Emily, are you in? The front-door bell is ringing."

Emily Pilgrim jumped up. Adjusting her neat white cap and apron with trembling hands, she hurried to open the door. Over the banisters she called: "Coming, Ma'am."

[THE END.]



"Black, Miss, with your high colouring . . ." She cocked her head a trifle critically. "White to the face," said Miss Pilgrim hurriedly. "White to relieve it."





Mrs. Fane descended from the car to approach the dozing Mr. Jenks. . . . "I want to buy your dog," she said, firmly and distinctly.

## A BUSINESS ARRANGEMENT.

By NORAH COTTERILL,

Illustrated by EDMUND BLAMPIED.

**S**NOOKER and Mr. Jenks drowsed a little as they sat on the pavement. The midday lunch-hour was not a good one for their business, which took the form of a daily vigil beside six paintings labelled "My own Work" and flanked by a silently appealing cap. The best time was the afternoon, when leisured women shoppers stopped to pat Snooker's rough brown head and groped in capacious bags for odd coppers.

There was always a small dish of water beside Snooker; and now the weather was cold the brown mongrel was encased in a tattered braided coat, presented to Mr. Jenks by an acquaintance who emptied dustbins.

But these attentions were not dictated by any great love for animals on the part of Mr. Jenks, neither were they urgently desired by Snooker. It was simply that they made a good impression on the passer-by, who, touched by the pavement artist's thought for his dog, rewarded him with largess. But this is not to say that Mr. Jenks was in any way unkind to Snooker when they were away from the public eye. He was merely without sentiment in the matter. He regarded the dog as a business asset, and housed and fed him as such. One dog was as good as another to Mr. Jenks. In fact, he had never thought of becoming a dog-owner until three months ago, when an old roadster, sharing the same lodgings for the night, had argued that an accompanying dog considerably improved the pavement business.

The outcome of the conversation was the purchase of Snooker at the nearest market. Mr. Jenks walked round the livestock department, fingering a two-shilling piece, until he met the shrewd eye of a brown, rough-haired mongrel which was sitting on a piece of sacking and was tied by a length of rope to a hutch of Angora rabbits. Mr. Jenks stared at the dog speculatively. The dog stared back, but made no irritating attempts to ingratiate himself with a possible purchaser.

"'Arf a dollar for 'im," called out the salesman.

"Two bob," returned Mr. Jenks with rock-like decision, and, after some little argument, acquired the dog called Snooker.

From the first theirs was a strictly businesslike relationship, the dog as well as the man accepting it as such. During the day Snooker sat by the pictures and the upturned cap, enduring the caresses of passers-by with amiability if not exactly with enthusiasm. In return he was regularly and adequately fed by Mr. Jenks and given his freedom in the evenings. Most nights he was to be found by the stove where Mr. Jenks's fellow-lodgers cooked titbits in battered pans. Occasionally he had affairs of his own that necessitated his absence, but he never failed to turn up the next morning for the day's work on the pavement.

On this particular morning, drowsing through the slack hour, neither Mr. Jenks nor Snooker noticed the large, chauffeur-driven car pulling

up at the kerb. Neither were they cognisant that the occupant of the back seat was Mrs. Fane, who, as an ardent humanitarian, was consumed with a passion for rescuing anything in the animal world, from an ant to an elephant, from what she imagined to be oppression.

She leaned forward to stare at Snooker as an eagle marks down its prey.

"There! That's the dog, Davis. I saw it yesterday. I must rescue it from a miserable existence like that. I must buy it. I know I can find it a good home."

"Yes, Madam," agreed Davis, who was resigned to his mistress's humanitarian impulses, though it was true that her zeal often outran her discretion and they often encountered animals which showed the most marked hostility to being rescued and owners who indignantly repudiated offers of rescue.

With heavy determination Mrs. Fane descended from the car to approach the dozing Mr. Jenks. She opened a crocodile bag of portmanteau-like proportions and extracted from its depths a pound-note, which she waved under Mr. Jenks's nose.

"I want to buy your dog," she said, firmly and distinctly. "I'll give you a pound for him."

Mr. Jenks awoke with a start. He looked up at the expensively-clad form of Mrs. Fane; looked at the pound-note and did a rapid sum in his head. A pound for Snooker made a profit of eighteen shillings on the original purchase price. He could get another dog for two shillings, or even one-and-six, and one dog was as good as another, decided Mr. Jenks. He scrambled to his feet and looked at Snooker with an appropriate expression of melancholy.

"I'm a very poor man, Mum, or I wouldn't part with 'im no-'ow," he droned with suitable regret.

"Yes, yes, I'm sure of that," returned Mrs. Fane, openly sceptical of Mr. Jenks's devotion to his dog, yet, pitiful for his shabby coat and broken boots, adding a half-crown to the pound-note she put into his grimy hand. "But I'm going to arrange that he has a very good home."

She turned to Snooker, holding out podgy, gloved fingers.

"Good dog; come along, good dog," she crooned persuasively.

Snooker came towards her, pleasantly tolerant, wagging a short brown tail in gracious but not unduly effusive acknowledgment of the attention paid to him. But he pulled back nervously when Mrs. Fane took hold of his collar, and it was only his inherent politeness that stifled the growl in his throat. It was Mr. Jenks, fearful of having to surrender the twenty-two shillings and sixpence, who suggested that the kind lady should get into her car and that he would lift the dog in after her.

"You see, it's a sad parting, Mum," he said mournfully as he hoisted the now thoroughly bewildered Snooker into the car. "We've been good pals. Perhaps you wouldn't be wanting the dog's coat,



"Mum?" he asked. "It'll not be so cold for 'im like it is on the pavement when 'e gets to a grand place with fires, and I'd like to 'ave it to remember 'im by."

Mrs. Fane looked at the tattered coat buckled round Snooker and drew her skirts a little away from it.

"Yes, take it," she said decidedly. "I'll buy him another one."

Mr. Jenks hastily unbuckled the coat, mindful of the fact that it would be needed to adorn Snooker's successor and, if the truth must be told, not particularly concerned with its sentimental value.

He stood back as the great car moved away. He heard one sharp, high bark, like a cry for help, and caught a glimpse of a brown head with agonised eyes and lolling tongue that sprang at the back window of the car as it slipped round the corner. Mr. Jenks stared after it, the tattered coat dangling from his fingers. Unconsciously, he took a step forward as though to follow the car; then he turned to cross the pavement and sit down rather heavily beside the pictures and the up-turned cap.

He fingered the pound-note and the half-crown that were stowed away in his pocket. It was a nice sum of money, he told himself, and one dog was as good as another. But the pavement seemed suddenly cold and inexpressibly dreary. He found he did not want to look at the spot where Snooker had kept vigil with him for the past three months. It was queer how he felt kind of lost now the dog had gone, he pondered uneasily, but he supposed it would be all right when he got another dog from the market and moved on to another pitch out of the way of the old lady.

He was thankful when the time came to wrap the six pictures in a piece of old sacking, empty some coppers out of his cap and replace it on his head. He swore under his breath as, on the way home, he found himself looking round for the brown mongrel which, on other nights, had been softly padding along almost on his heels.

"Where's dog?" somebody greeted him at the lodging-house; and retreated in pained amazement when Mr. Jenks cursed volubly and told everybody within earshot to mind their own something businesses.

He hung up his ragged overcoat, and heard the clink of Snooker's water-pot in the pocket. The other pocket bulged with the tattered coat Snooker would never wear again. There were brown hairs on his trousers where, other nights, Snooker had padded close to his legs. It was queer, he thought irritably, how he could not get the dog out of his mind; and how he kept on hearing a high bark that sounded like a cry for help.

In gloomy silence he ploughed through hunches of bread and cold sausages that had lost their relish. In one pocket he felt the unaccustomed rustle of a pound-note; but it seemed to burn his fingers every time he touched it. Everywhere he looked he could see a brown, shaggy body lying; under a table, under a bench, and by the greasy stove where Snooker had sat most nights watching for bits from the lodgers' cooking tins and pans.

"Seem to quite miss the old dog sittin' around," somebody ventured presently, causing Mr. Jenks to push back his chair violently and reach for his overcoat from its hook. He swore again as he fell over somebody's stockinged feet, and went out, slamming the door with a violence that made patches of ceiling-plaster fall into the cups and on to the heads of indignant lodgers.

Outside in the darkness Mr. Jenks carefully wrapped a half-crown within the folds of a pound-note and began to walk determinedly towards Overton Park. His mind was made up. He was going to get the dog back, even though it meant returning the pound-note and the half-crown. He knew the old lady lived in the Park, because he had seen the car several times coming from that direction, and he knew all the swells with cars and chauffeurs lived there. Besides, only Park people could be as free with their money as the old lady had been that morning.

It was very quiet in the Park. Except for a few stationary cars, there was no traffic on the wide, tree-lined avenue between the big, well-lighted houses. Mr. Jenks, slinking along in the shadow of the trees overhanging the pathway, peered into dark gateways and strained his ears for a bark that might be Snooker's; every now and again he gave a low whistle that was soft yet insidiously penetrating.

Suddenly he stiffened, every sense alert. From somewhere within the grey house he was near he thought he had heard a short, sharp bark. He crept through the gate marked "Tradesmen's Entrance" and stole along a dark path. He whistled again, so softly that it was like a wind's thin sighing, and the bark answered: high and urgent.

Mr. Jenks's drooping shoulders straightened. He groped in his pocket for the pound-note wrapped round the half-crown and went forward to knock on the dark-green door with a light over it.

A smart parlourmaid opened it and stared out at him.

"I've come for the dog," said Mr. Jenks, with a great determination and a bravado that hid an intense anxiety. "Tell 'er she can 'ave the money back."

The parlourmaid nodded and turned to disappear down a long corridor and through a door at the end of it, hardly waiting to hear what he said, thought Mr. Jenks a little wrathfully. He hoped she would tell the old lady he had brought the money back.

She came back with Snooker straining at the end of a length of thick twine. She surrendered the twine to Mr. Jenks and at the same time put half a crown into his outstretched hand.

"The mistress left you that for yourself," she told him.

Mr. Jenks stared at the coin and then at the girl a little dazedly.

"But—don't she want 'er money back?" he inquired hoarsely.

"Oh, no!" laughed the smart parlourmaid. "That's for you. She left it for you. Good-night."

"Good-night," mumbled Mr. Jenks. He did not understand it at all, but she had shut the door, so he shuffled away down the long, dark path.

Outside in the avenue he stopped to slip the twine from Snooker's collar. He felt a warm tongue on his hand; a shaggy body, quivering with ecstasy, against his legs. There was nothing said, no sound; only between them a sense of deep and unutterable content.

"Funny sort of chap for a gardener," remarked the smart parlourmaid to the cook in the kitchen.

"What gardener?" queried the slightly somnolent cook.

"Why, the man who's just been for the dog. Before she went out the missis said that Mrs. Copplethwaite up at 'Glenhallam' had promised to give it a good home and the gardener was calling for it to-night. Well, he looked more like a tramp than a gardener, and stared at me like somebody daft when I gave him the half-crown that was left for him."

"Well, it doesn't matter," yawned the cook, "so long as we've got rid of another of them nasty mongrels she's always reckoning she's rescued."

[THE END.]



He felt a warm tongue on his hand; a shaggy body, quivering with ecstasy, against his legs.



# BEAUTY AND THE BEAST (*to say nothing of the cigarette box*)



*Colour Photograph by Walter Bird*

The beauty is Marie Princess Paul Troubetskoy, well known in both literary and social circles. The beast speaks for himself (or would do if he were not quite so dead). And the cigarettes?

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**"A SPY IN THE CAMP."  
AN INCIDENT OF THE "FORTY-FIVE."**  
FROM THE PICTURE BY JOHN SEYMOUR LUCAS, R.A., R.I.

*A spy in camp ! What buried hate  
His necessary doom recalls—  
Poor pawn in that grim game of Fate  
Played near Culloden's grieving  
walls !*

*Now when the bells of Christmas chime,  
Or revelry hails a new-born year,  
Forgetful of that murderous time,  
Southron and Scot unite in  
cheer.*

*Forgetful of their ancient feud,  
When future friend was present  
foe ;  
Forgetful of far hills imbrued  
With blood ancestral, long ago.*

*Redcoats and clans, at strife of old,  
One Crown had power to reconcile ;  
Under one flag their hosts enroll'd—  
Caithness to Kent—a warless isle.*  
C. E. BYLES.



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The Call at Home and wherever our  
Kinsfolk are celebrating is for Vat 69.

**VAT 69**

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# COLLISION.

By W. TOWNEND,

Author of "Captain Heron."

Illustrated by  
JACK M. FAULKS.

**T**HE day after the *Coast of Cumberland* left Bombay for Shanghai by way of Colombo, Singapore, and Hong-Kong, Johnny Sutton, the second officer, fell in love. He was hurrying along the promenade deck in the direction of the bridge when a small, elderly woman, with sharp features and gold-rimmed spectacles, stopped him and said: "Why hasn't the deck steward put my chair where I told him?"

Johnny Sutton was deeply shocked. "I beg your pardon?" he said.

The elderly woman frowned. "Who are you?"

"I'm Mr. Sutton, the second officer, Ma'am."

"Then go and tell the deck steward, with Mrs. Slingsby's compliments, that if he doesn't do as he's told I'll go to the captain and complain."

Another voice, clear and fresh and musical, broke in.

"Aunt Jane, you mustn't worry the officers about your chair. I'll speak to the deck steward myself."

Johnny found himself gazing at the very prettiest girl he had ever seen in his life—a girl whose black, bobbed hair waved back from her forehead in the most fascinating manner imaginable; whose complexion was a pale brown, with a touch of colour in her cheeks; whose lips were a vivid pink; whose eyes were dark brown and so clear and luminous and frank that all other eyes he had ever seen were dull and stupid in comparison.

His feeling of offended dignity vanished. This wonderful girl was Mrs. Slingsby's niece.

"It's the Company's wish," he said huskily, "that we should do all we can to make passengers comfortable."

"There he is now," said Mrs. Slingsby. "Look."

Johnny strode across the deck toward the deck steward, a small, elderly man whom he had known ever since he had first joined the East India and Coast Line as a cadet.

"Sam," he said in an undertone, "that old lady there is very angry because you've not put her chair where she said."

"The one with Miss Howard, you mean? Mr. Sutton, she told me she wanted the chair out of the sun and in the breeze. Well, now, sun and breeze are both on the port side. D'you see?"

"I knew there was nothing in it, Sam, but just change her chair to the other side of the deck and act as if you were sorry—for my sake, Sam."

Johnny returned to the elderly lady and her pretty niece, whose name, it seemed, was Miss Howard.

"I hope you weren't too hard on him," the girl said.

"He'll not neglect you again."

That evening after dinner Johnny Sutton walked with Miss Howard on the boat deck in the warm, starlit night, and learned that she was twenty years old and lived in San Francisco, and that she and her aunt were travelling in easy stages around the world, and that her father and mother were dead.

"Do you like the sea?" Johnny asked.

"You bet!" said Miss Howard. "I like sailors, too. They're so—oh! I don't know—so different." Johnny was thrilled.

Mrs. Slingsby appeared out of the darkness. "Mary, I've been looking for you everywhere," she said. "I told you I was going to bed early. Mr. Sutton, it's half-past eleven. I don't like my niece being kept up so late. Will you bear that in mind, please?"

Johnny was plunged into deep gloom. "It's all my fault, Mrs. Slingsby," he said. "But the night was so wonderful." Then, as Mrs. Slingsby showed no sign of being any the less annoyed, he added: "I'm due on watch at midnight, Miss Howard. I'll hand you over to Mrs. Slingsby and say good-night."

Next day Miss Howard apologised. "Aunt was rather short with you last night," she said. "But you're not to mind. She thinks young men aren't to be trusted. She's afraid."

"Afraid?" said Johnny. "Whatever of?"



Johnny was plunged into deep gloom. "It's all my fault, Mrs. Slingsby," he said.

Miss Howard giggled. "Afraid of some young man running away with me."

"Not on board ship, anyway."

"Silly! When we reach port. That's why she feels she can't let me out of her sight. Stupid, isn't it?"

Johnny sighed. "I don't know so much," he said. "I believe Mrs. Slingsby's right. Think of the temptation for the poor young man!"

"Not for you, though, Mr. Sutton, surely?"

"For me more than anyone else in the world."

"Why, how perfectly sweet of you to say so, Mr. Sutton! I'm delighted to hear it. I'm proud."

Johnny was happier than he had ever been in his life.

Soon after the *Coast of Cumberland* left Colombo the weather grew very hot. Mrs. Slingsby, who suffered from a weak heart, stayed in her state-room. Miss Howard stayed with her. For three whole days Johnny Sutton and she scarcely saw each other, and he was, in consequence, miserable.

The chief officer asked him gruffly what was wrong.

"You look like a thick night in Rotterdam," he said.

"I don't know what it is," Johnny said, "but I can't eat and I can't sleep."

"You're in love."

"In love! Me?"

"Well, why not? You're never out of love, are you?"

"In love, who with?"

"That's for you to say, not me, Johnny."

Johnny no longer listened. How, he wondered, could he ask a girl so sweet as Mary Howard to live in a small villa in Liverpool or Southampton? Did he dare ask her to be his wife?

That afternoon when he came off watch at four o'clock he went in search of her and found her seated by herself, reading. "May I stay and talk to you, Miss Howard?" he said.

"You may, Mr. Sutton."

Her brown eyes twinkled. She raised a slender, bare arm and pushed her black hair back from her forehead.

"You're the nicest girl I know," said Johnny.

She laughed. "Thank you, Mr. Sutton."

"And the most beautiful," he went on, and was terrified. Miss Howard, however, was, not in the least angry.





Before he could restrain himself he had lost his temper. "Well, if we didn't quarrel before, we're quarrelling now. Tell Miss Howard what you said to me."

"My dear Mr. Sutton!" was all she said.

Johnny was puzzled by her laughter. She liked him, he knew. "You're enjoying the voyage, I hope," he said presently.

"Tremendously."

"I hope you'll enjoy the part that's to come as much as what's gone."

"I'm bound to. One of my greatest friends is joining the ship at Singapore."

"Oh?" said Johnny. "May I ask her name, Miss Howard?"

"His, not 'her,'" said Miss Howard. "Mortimer. Reggie Mortimer. He's English. He's been everywhere in the world. You'll like him."

Reggie Mortimer was a lean, brown-faced man of perhaps thirty. He was well-to-do, obviously; just as obviously he was in love with Miss Howard. Johnny disliked him at sight, but did his best to be friendly and polite. One evening, when they were talking together in a strained and distant fashion, he said: "Miss Howard is charming, don't you think?"

Reggie Mortimer surveyed him coldly, "I suppose she is. Why?"

"Why!" Johnny was startled. "Well, she is. I like her."

"So do a good many other young men—too many by far."

"I don't blame them, either," Johnny muttered.

"Perhaps you don't. That doesn't make life any the easier for Miss Howard or her friends, does it?"

"What on earth do you mean?"

"I think if I were you, I'd leave Miss Howard alone, Mr. Sutton. The attraction's great, I know; but, all things considered, is it wise?" Reggie Mortimer looked very stern. "Is it fair?"

"Hadn't you better explain?"

"You understand, Mr. Sutton. You're not a fool, I know."

Without saying another word, too angry to trust himself to ask any questions, Johnny turned and hurried away. He met the chief officer in the alleyway near his room and said: "Now I know why men kill each other."

When he had explained his meaning, the chief officer told him not to be stupid. "Mortimer's right. That girl's got twenty thousand a year, you poor fish! They think you're after her money."

Reggie Mortimer and Miss Howard were standing at the foot of the ladder, deep in talk, as Johnny came off the bridge. He had hoped that neither would see him, but he heard Miss Howard call, and went to her.

"Mr. Sutton," she said, "for two whole days you've been dodging me. Is anything wrong?"

"No," said Johnny stiffly. "Nothing."

"There must be." She glanced quickly from Johnny to Reggie Mortimer and back to Johnny. "Have you two quarrelled?"

"Because Mr. Sutton and I don't see eye to eye on certain things, that doesn't mean we've been quarrelling," said Reggie Mortimer. He turned to Johnny. "Does it?"

"And what don't we see eye to eye on?" said Johnny. Before he could restrain himself he had lost his temper. "Well, if we didn't quarrel before, we're quarrelling now. Tell Miss Howard what you said to me. You can't do any more harm than you've done already, so who cares whether you speak the truth or not? Go ahead, Mr. Mortimer: be yourself."

There was a moment of shocked silence.

"That let's me out, anyway," said Miss Howard. "You must be out of your mind. Come on, Reggie, let's go."

For all practical purposes life was finished, Johnny knew. What a colossal fool he had been! And yet—how damned unfair it all was! He reflected then, sadly enough, that though he could never marry Mary Howard, if only he could prove himself a better man than the man she had chosen, he would be satisfied.

The day before the *Coast of Cumberland* was due at Shanghai, at about seven bells in the forenoon, sky and sea alike were blotted out by fog. The engines were slowed down to half-speed and the ship crawled along at about seven knots for an hour or so with every available man on look-out, and the whistle sounding at two-minute intervals.

By one o'clock the fog had grown worse, and the rate of speed had been reduced to *Slow*, four knots or less. Three bells struck. From out of the fog, two points on the starboard bow, there came the long blast of another steamer's whistle.

The captain of the *Coast of Cumberland* rang the engines to *Stop*, and tugged the whistle-lanyard in reply. The other ship answered. The sound of her whistle came faint and muffled.

Again the captain of the *Coast of Cumberland* tugged the whistle lanyard. Again the other ship answered.

"Not so far that time," said Johnny.

"Shut up!" said the captain.

As though the curtain of fog had been suddenly lifted, the other steamer became visible no more than a length distant, headed toward the *Coast of Cumberland's* starboard bow. Johnny, motionless in the starboard wing of the bridge, heard her sound three short blasts on her whistle to show she was going astern, though he estimated that she must have been moving ahead at the rate of ten or eleven knots.

Even in the shattering moment of collision his mind recorded facts to be used later at the enquiry: the captain's wild shout to the helmsman; the frantic clanging of the engine-room telegraph, the other vessel's disappearance into the fog.

Roused to sudden activity by the knowledge that the *Coast of Cumberland* was doomed, hearing, as he clattered down the ladder, the gruff command: "Boat stations!" Johnny made his way to the boat-deck. A failure in love, despised, misunderstood, his hour had come. He would show these people, this Mary Howard, this Reggie Mortimer, this Mrs. Slingsby, that in an emergency he was a man.

By the time the No. 1 lifeboat and the No. 3 lifeboat were swung out and lowered, the list to starboard was increasing. To lower the port-side lifeboats would be difficult, to get the passengers into them would be still more difficult.

A quartermaster spoke to Johnny. "Chief officer says will you get the starboard boats away as quick as you can, Sir."

There was no panic among the passengers, mustered on the promenade deck, but they were disinclined, it seemed, to trust themselves to the boats, and looked damp and unhappy and scared.

"Come along, now," Johnny kept saying. "Into the boat, please. There's no danger, ladies. One at a time. That's the way. Come along now, don't hold back. You'll be quite safe in the boat. Catch hold of the ladder."

As the ship sank by the head, listing more and more to starboard, the stern rose. The noise of escaping steam made it difficult to make oneself heard. A woman began to scream.



"Where's my little girl?"

"I've got her," a man shouted. "She's here."

"Mary," someone was calling. "Mary!"

Johnny saw Mary Howard approaching. She walked slowly along the canted deck. In her hand she carried a life-jacket. She was not afraid. He admired her tremendously.

"Let me help you with that life-jacket, Miss Howard," he said, but she looked past him and held out her hand.

Reggie Mortimer came sliding down the steep slope of the deck, snatched the life-jacket and turned and made off with it.

"By God!" said Johnny. "Mortimer!" he yelled, "Come back!" He scrambled after him, grabbed his arm and wrenched the life-jacket forcibly away from him. "I'll teach you to take a life-jacket from a woman, you damned swine!"

Reggie Mortimer twisted himself about angrily.

"What the hell are you doing!" he said. He made no attempt to escape. In Johnny's grasp he was helpless. "Listen to me, you fool!"

Johnny opened the door of a state-room and hurled him in on to the settee. He took the key from the lock inside the room and said: "You'll stay in here till I've got the women into the boats. Do you hear?" He slammed the door shut, put the key into the key-hole and locked him in. He heard the captain shouting:

"Mr. Sutton, you go to the after deck and give a hand with those coolies. D'you hear?"

"Aye, aye, Sir," he yelled.

Knowing that the fourth officer and the purser would take care of Mary Howard, he plunged headlong into the midst of a terrified mob of coolies, and by strength of arm and force of character and a bitter tongue quelled the panic.

Boat after boat put off from the sinking ship. Aware that the cant of the deck had become too steep to offer even a precarious foothold, braced against the rails, Johnny heard someone say, "We're going. Jump!" and was flung into the water and sank. When death was certain and he knew that he could never rise, he shot up quickly to the surface and opened his eyes, drawing in deep breaths of air. He saw, through the thick white fog, wreckage and a head or two and a boat nosing toward him.

Not until half an hour had passed and he was safely on board the tramp steamer *Lake Mareotis*, the vessel that had sunk the *Coast of Cumberland*, did Johnny remember Reggie Mortimer, whom he had locked in a state-room.

The chief officer, bleeding from a cut in the cheek, listened to what he had to say, and then spat over the rail into the fog and said: "A man who'd steal a life-jacket from a woman deserves killing, sure, but seeing the man who's dead is the man who got your girl away from you, take my advice and keep your mouth shut. Don't say a word about it to anyone else."

Mrs. Slingsby rested her head on his chest and wept.

"Mary's drowned!" she wailed. "What am I to do? She's drowned."

Johnny did his best to comfort her. "She got away in one of the other boats, I'm certain." But had she?

For the rest of the day he avoided everyone and sat by himself in a room that belonged to the *Lake Mareotis's* second mate. Once he saw his reflection in the looking-glass and was shocked.

Was this pale, gaunt man with the trowsled hair and the dark smudges under his eyes himself? He had aged twenty years or more since the morning. Again and again he wished he had let himself drown.

He was examining an automatic pistol which the owner of the room kept on top of a book-shelf when the chief officer entered and took the pistol away from him.

"You damned young fool!" he said. "What's the use of taking it to heart? For God's sake, snap out of it!"

"How can I? Haven't I killed the man the girl I wanted to marry was in love with!"

"He stole her life-jacket."

"He stole her life-jacket, yes, but I shouldn't have locked him in that room and forgotten him. I'll never be able to hold my head up again as long as I live, and nothing anyone could say would make any difference. I wish I was dead."

Twenty-four hours later the chief engineer rushed into the lobby of the hotel in Shanghai where the officers of the *Coast of Cumberland* were staying, and yelled at the top of his voice: "The auld man's alive! The lifeboat was picked up by a coaster that hadna wireless!"

"Is Miss Howard alive?" said Johnny. "Is she, chief?"

"Aye, she's alive a' richt."

"I've got something I want to tell her."

"Johnny," said the chief officer, "keep your mouth shut. Do you hear?"

A Chinese page-boy spoke to him.

"Mr. Sutton, you come this way, plis?"

Mary Howard stood by the table in the office.

She was very pale, but more beautiful than she had ever been before, in spite of the clothes she wore, which belonged to a woman not so tall.

"I can't attempt to explain how wretched I am," Johnny began, "but I want you to understand——"

She cut him short. "Because I was in love with Reggie Mortimer and not with you, you locked him into a state-room and took the key."

For an instant Johnny thought he was going out of his mind. To his grief and remorse was added a touch of anger.

"Do you mean to say you thought I put him into the state-room because you were in love with him? It wasn't that at all. It was because he took your life-jacket."

"You're crazy! My aunt hadn't a life-jacket. I got one for her. I called to Reggie and told him to give it her. He took it from me and then you caught hold of him and locked him into the state-room and went away."

"I wish I was dead," Johnny said.

"The point is, you gave everyone the impression he was a coward. I'll ask you to make it plain he wasn't."

"When I think it was through me he lost his life, I—I feel like hell!"

The girl's eyes opened wide.

"What on earth are you talking about?" she said. She called out:

"Reggie, come here a moment, will you?"

Reggie Mortimer entered the room.

"I unlocked the door, of course," said the girl, "And saved him." She turned away. "Let's go, Reggie."

Reggie Mortimer held back.

"You didn't mean it, I know," he said to Johnny.

"I thought I'd never be happy again," said Johnny, "Because I couldn't ask Miss Howard to marry me. I was wrong. I'm happy now. I hope you'll forgive me."

"There's nothing to forgive. If it hadn't been for your locking me in that room and putting me in a position of seeming danger, I don't believe Mary would ever have said she'd marry me."

"Seeming danger! What do you mean?"

"Hang on to yourself and don't shout. Listen. That state-room had windows and not ports. A man twice my size could have escaped. I was going to climb out of one of the windows when Mary opened the door. Now, do you understand?" He grinned. "Some day I'll tell her."

They shook hands warmly, as friends.

Miss Howard appeared in the doorway.

"Reggie, aren't you ever coming?" she said.

Johnny saw in her lovely face a rigid disapproval. The man she was going to marry might forgive, she never would. [THE END.]



Johnny opened the door of a state-room and hurled him in on to the settee.





## A DEMONSTRATION IN BEADLE STREET.

By AGNES GROZIER HERBERTSON,

Author of "Patience Dean," "Deborah," "The Ship That Came Home in the Dark," etc.

Illustrated by W. R. S. STOTT

At that moment the man at the desk turned and looked at Bartlett. His eyes were of a clear sea-blue, and turned in their sockets in rather a choleric fashion.

**B**ARTLETT rounded the builder's shop and turned into Beadle Street. No. 7 was about half-way down: that was because the builder's yard ran that way. A long, dreary piece of wall: the sun struck it and then struck back at Bartlett with a dully furious heat. Bartlett shifted the load on his shoulder. It ground him down with more than its weight. His left heel was blistered, too. Those shoes were all wrong for him, and he hated the sight of them. Too broad and too short, but when they had been offered to him he had taken them; they made him fit to enter respectable houses. His old shoes were falling off his feet.

No. 7 at last. Bartlett rang the bell.

He had called here on Monday and had been told to go, but the maid had stared and half-hesitated—not an outright refusal, like most; so on Wednesday Bartlett had called again. The maid had stared in the same queer way, interested and yet contemptuous, and had told him he might call on Friday and give a demonstration. Bartlett had fancied someone watching him through the curtains as he left. All rather queer. But who cared? If he could sell a cleaner, that was all that mattered. Let them stare all they pleased.

This was Friday, and here Bartlett was, ready to give his demonstration. The same maid opened the door. She found Bartlett as interesting as ever, it appeared; but she was still contemptuous. Her lip curled at Bartlett, and he hated her. He could have struck her, but he merely stared her out. He wanted to sell one of Roomer's Electric Cleaners.

She started to the right, then turned abruptly to the left. "You're to go into the morning-room," she muttered.

She went in first and stared round the tables and shelves. Bartlett knew that stare; she was memorising the small things in the room so that she would know he was the thief were something afterwards missing. Her glance ended at Bartlett. It remained on his face for quite an appreciable moment. She said at last, "Madam will not keep you waiting long." Then, complainingly, "You are early." She left the room. He sat down. It was a pleasant room because the sun entered it.

Otherwise its hard competence might have been dreary. The garden softened the room, too. In the far wall were two windows, one a French one leading into the garden, the other low-silled and looking in the same direction. Masses of bloom could be seen through both windows. This was a garden in which things grew—perhaps a trifle too riotously, Bartlett mused, poking his toe into the carpet in order to ease his blistered heel—pruning was needed. The garden had not the chidden quality of the room.

Then somebody coughed. Bartlett became aware that he was not alone. In the shadow between the two windows a shortish man bent over a desk, writing. Suited in blue, he had a nautical turn to him. His feet, too, were sailor's feet, not those of a landsman. Against the wall tilted a cap. Bartlett wondered, but without interest, if part of the maid's contemptuous glance had been for the little man. You would say not: the curling figure was not without dignity; but with women you never knew. Maybe she simply hadn't noticed him.

A heavy silver cigarette-box lay on a table. Bartlett was glad he hadn't noticed it before: it would have been a temptation. So far he hadn't stolen, but . . . He *must* sell a cleaner.

At that moment the man at the desk turned and looked at Bartlett. His eyes were of a clear sea-blue, and turned in their sockets in rather a choleric fashion. Into them leapt the interest Bartlett had seen in the maid's eyes and discerned in the eyes behind the curtain. No contempt, however. Kind eyes, really, Bartlett indifferently thought.

"I thought it was that dratted maid," the sailor said. "How long have you been here?"

A voice low beyond the normal; surprising how well it carried.

"Not long, Sir," Bartlett said, shifting his toe from the carpet's pile. A throb of pain in his heel, and then a spray of it up his leg. ("Damn!" he thought.) "I'm giving a demonstration of an electric cleaner—Roomer's Electric Cleaner. I hope we shan't disturb you."

"You won't. What's your name?"

"Bartlett, Hilary Bartlett," said Bartlett, grimacing. Had the man been taller, Bartlett might have turned this interest



She looked sharply at the French window. "Did you open that?" she demanded of Bartlett.

(Continued on page 55)





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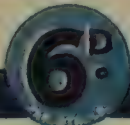
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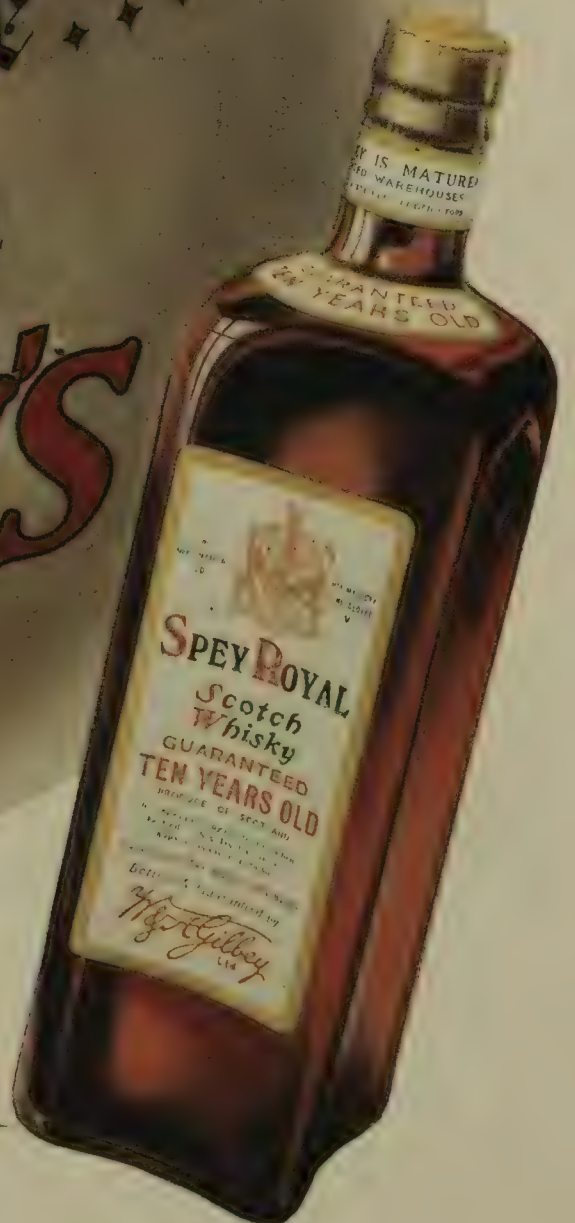
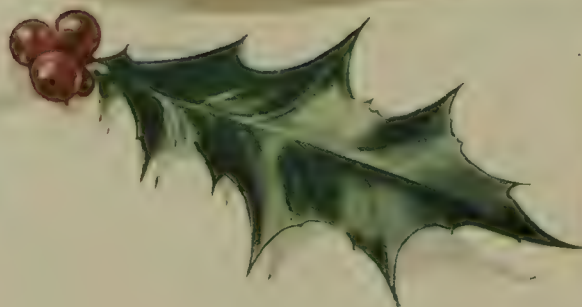
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## A DEMONSTRATION IN BEADLE STREET.

(Continued from page 48.)

to account—have asked him for a pair of boots. No; he couldn't have brought himself to do that. Funny how some ideas stick.

"Never had any other?"

Bartlett said sullenly: "No aliases—yet."

"You know I didn't mean that. I merely wondered—had any luck with your sweepers?"

"Cleaners," corrected Bartlett mechanically. With sudden savagery he burst out: "Do I look as if I had?"

The sea-blue eyes glinted, but only for a second. Their owner swung completely round and faced Bartlett. "A stupid question. Forgive me, lad."

"Oh, it's all right," Bartlett muttered.

"I'm afraid," the little man said under his breath, "you're not going to sell one here."

Bartlett caught the words. He ground his teeth. "I will sell one."

The other said nothing. Staring at him sullenly, Bartlett thought had he been minded to murder and rob—he wasn't: hadn't enough spirit left for the job—he wouldn't have stood a chance with this man. Must be nearing sixty, but not an ounce in him but would tell in a fight. Fine old cock. Looked like somebody or other . . . Perhaps he had saved a wreck or something and had had his photograph in the papers. He was looking in a worried way at Bartlett. Bartlett liked him. No, he didn't: there wasn't a soul on God's earth he liked. Perhaps this old chap could be touched for a pound or two? Not he! What he wanted was the story of Bartlett's life, more likely.

"Why don't you go to sea? It's a fine life—a man's life."

"Wouldn't be useful in a ship," the sailor said, eyeing it. "What was your father's name?"

"Pandy, Thomas Pandy."

"And your stepfather's was Bartlett. Both good names. I have a weakness for Pandy. Now, briefly, what would you like to be doing if you could choose? I mean, what job would you like to be at?"

"A small business is about the only thing left to me, and I'm as likely to be able to start one as—as you are to win the Derby."

The sea-blue eyes stared him almost out of countenance. "Never took much interest in horses," the sailor said. He turned back to his desk, found some keys, pushed one into the lock of a drawer. Bartlett's heart began to beat in a lumpy way, unsteady, anyhow. He thought he would suffocate. He watched hungrily.

The desk was peculiar. A lot of brass about it, clipping in each drawer. Brass handles, too. Queer-looking thing. The sailor got his drawer open, put a hand inside and felt about—Bartlett couldn't quite see the point of that till a ledge shot out, suddenly, unexpectedly, and from quite another place: a ledge with clips attached, and in the jaws of the clips were a number of wads.

The man at the desk prised the clips open one after another and picked up the wads. He shuffled these together, shot back the ledge, shut the drawer and locked it, then turned to Bartlett, holding the bundle toward him. "Take these and start your business," he said, almost in a whisper. "My savings, but I have no need of them. I'd have given them to my son if I'd had one. Take them and stow them away, and don't you get drinking or anything like that lest you lose them. I needn't have said that—you haven't the eye of a drinker. You've a sailor's eye. Pity it's too late."



"You see?" she urged. There was perhaps a tremor in her voice. "Now look at this." He went with her to the fireplace in that far room. Above it hung a large portrait in a gilt frame. Quite a good likeness, Bartlett reflected.

Bartlett was taken aback. In the voice that had been usual with him at one time he replied: "I haven't the training; I'm too old, and I had a knock long ago—"

"If you were in the war, it must have been at the end of it."

"Yes."

"I see. You can't like this job. What about your parents? Tell me something about yourself—and quickly. Somebody will be along presently."

Here he was, asking for it!

Bartlett said in a sing-song voice: "My mother died five years ago, my stepfather just before that—"

"Oh, you had a stepfather? What about your own?"

"Died before I was born. I thought my stepfather was my father. Didn't know he wasn't till he told me." The sing-song died. "He was that kind of chap—conscientious. 'I think you ought to know,' he said."

"I see. 'Twasn't your mother that told you?"

"No."

"Know anything about your own father?"

"Not a thing. Oh, my father—I mean, my stepfather—told me he was a decent sort. What does it matter now? They're all dead."

Was anything coming out of all this? Sailor seemed to be taking it all to bits, conning it; didn't believe him, maybe. And at any moment "Madam" might appear and order the demonstration. A demonstration that was to lead nowhere. But it *must* lead somewhere. He must sell a cleaner. In the meantime . . . Bartlett, hunching his shabby knees—hell, how his heel jabbed!—said quickly, feverishly: "All that's true; but what's as true, and a damn sight more unpleasant, is the time I've had since, kicked out of one job after another because of slumps or because the jobs were temporary; out of a job altogether for six months. . . . Then this blasted cruise round people's houses, begging 'em, beseeching 'em to buy a cleaner they don't want because they're too stupid to know how to use it—"

Bartlett turned over the wad of notes. "But—but there's a lot of money here," he stammered. Trembling seized him. He held the notes out to the sailor, but with a fixed and hankering grip on them.

"Don't be silly, man," the other said, pushing them back. "They're yours. I don't need 'em, I tell you. I'm going on a long voyage. I shouldn't take these, they'd be no use to me. Don't need 'em. Married, are you?"

Bartlett, staring at the notes, shook his head.

"Find a nice girl," advised the sailor, "and marry her. She'll take care of you and help you mind the business. Don't stare in that moonstruck way at the money. There's five hundred there, if you want to know. It's better with you than lying in that drawer. But be careful about the girl you choose. I've been married twice. The first was a girl that went and fell in love with somebody else and got me to set her free. Pity, for I think the child was mine. The second brought me—this." He looked round the hard and solitary room. "But some marriages are happy, I guess."

"My father and mother were," Bartlett said. "She was broken-hearted when he died."

"Well, I'm glad of that," said the sailor. "You mean the stepfather, of course. It's fine to remember a happy home, even if trouble comes after." He got up. Then he stooped and took his cap from the floor. He put it on his head. He was a fine-looking man.

Bartlett roused himself from his stunned condition. He rose to his feet—hell, how that foot hurt! "I haven't thanked you—"

"You needn't," the sailor said, waving him back to his chair. He gave a small hoarse laugh. "If I'd had a son . . . Oh, well, never mind." He opened the French window. "Think I'll take a turn in the garden." He looked back, pointed to the pocket where Bartlett had stowed the money. "Don't tell—anybody. Best not tell her you've seen me."

Perhaps he had heard motion in the corridor, for no sooner had he taken to the garden than the door of the room opened and a tall, thin



woman wearing a rather high ruffle round her neck, entered. Her dress was of a peculiarly aggressively checked material, and almost anything would have better suited her. Her face was long, thin, and bony, with a fine aquiline nose. Her eyes were blue-grey, cloudy, anxious, and yet suspicious. Her plentiful hair, softly greying, was pulled tightly back from her face.

She looked sharply at the French window. "Did you open that?" she demanded of Bartlett.

The window lay open; the sailor had left it so. Bartlett glanced at it. "No." He was relieved; not a sign of the sailor. He had disappeared very quickly.

The lady crossed to the window and stood looking out. "You haven't anyone—a confederate—hanging about?" she asked, swinging round on him.

"No," Bartlett said again, and laughed. Then his mind slithered. What if the sailor were a thief? Hanging about outside to catch Bartlett and share the swag? No, Bartlett thought. Some folk carried their straight lives written all over them. The sailor carried his.

"You look an honest man," said the woman. But she stared at him so oddly, so speculatively. Seemed angry, too.

Bartlett was impatient of all this staring. He wanted to sell a cleaner. His pocket bulging with notes, he still wanted to sell a cleaner. He wanted to prove something to himself—he didn't know exactly what. He hadn't sold one damned cleaner yet, and he must sell one. So he set to work.

"You're limping," Madam said.

He was. Sitting hadn't eased his foot: on the contrary. His heel hurt like hell. Bartlett said in a sudden tormented rage: "It's these boots! They don't fit; they're no manner of use to me." He pulled off the right boot. The heel of his sock was bloody. Holding the boot toward her, "You can see it's all wrong," he complained. "They were given to me." He hadn't meant to tell that. He pulled the boot on. "I'll be all right."

"Oh, don't do that!" She left the window and came towards him, stood looking at him in a kind of arrogant reluctance. Then she went to the door. "There's a pair of old gardening boots that were my husband's."

"No good. Too small."

She turned sharply. "What's that you say?"

Bartlett was trembling. "You can see what a long foot I have. No ordinary boot fits me . . ."

His eyes suffered blankly the interrogation of hers.

"I don't see anything peculiar about your foot," the lady said drily. "I'll be back in a moment." She was gone.

When she returned she threw a pair of cloth boots with leather toecaps on the floor. "The gardening boots looked small," she admitted. "These will be better, I dare say. They were my brother's. But take your sock off and bandage your foot before you do anything else." She put into his hand a carefully-rolled bandage, and walked to the window. There she stood looking out while Bartlett bandaged his foot.

The hideous boots she had brought were long enough—too long, in fact—but extraordinarily narrow. They pinched Bartlett's toes, swollen with walking. Pain in a new spot, so bearable.

"You haven't said 'thank you,'" the lady remarked as she gave herself again to the occasion, "but I suppose that is rather much to expect."

"Far too much!" Bartlett said angrily. "Why am I being stared out of countenance?"

"That is quite enough," said Madam, retreating a little. "Get on with your demonstration." She crossed to the far side of the room and drew aside the heavy curtains that hung there. Massive sliding doors appeared. Bartlett was not watching her. "If you will push these apart," she ordered, "you will have more room and I shall be able to see what you are about."

"And I shall clean two rooms instead of one!" reflected Bartlett. But he had no objection. He was consumed by a desire to sell a cleaner. He pushed the door. Ill-nourished and tired, he could do little with it. The lady helped him, and the panels slid back. He hardly glanced at the farther room, but set to work. The cleaner droned heavily.

"What is your name?" Madam asked. Bartlett knew that her eyes were steadily upon him. He glanced up and surprised an openly raking survey.

"Bartlett," he said curtly.

She seated herself in a small, straight-backed chair. Bartlett heard her sigh, a long sigh. A side glance told him that she was smiling. But still she watched him. When Bartlett had finished his demonstration and explanations, she nodded. "I have already a cleaner. What will you allow me on it, if I buy one of yours?" she asked.

The cleaner was brought by the maid, and Bartlett was conscious of the scrutiny—not a pleasant scrutiny—of two pairs of eyes. Then mistress and maid exchanged a glance. Bartlett was nettled, resentful. Madam spoke. She wanted a quite preposterous sum allowed her on account of the ancient and ineffective affair the maid displayed.

"Impossible," Bartlett said. He looked at her hardly. "The thing is worthless. I will allow you a pound on it, and that is making you a present of the money." With his pocket full, he might drive this preposterous bargain. He wanted to sell a cleaner.

"Two pounds ten, at least," said Madam in a tone like steel.

[Continued overleaf.]

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*Continued.*

Bartlett laughed. Madam motioned to the maid to withdraw. She looked searchingly at Bartlett, and with a hateful smile he awaited another absurd offer.

"What was your mother's name?" she asked.

Bartlett blinked. "Really!" he exclaimed.

"Your mother's maiden name," she insisted. "I have a reason for asking."

"Her name was Lee," said Bartlett. "Do you mean to buy this cleaner?"

"Come and look at this." She touched his arm and led him to a small bracket of worn plush on which stood a photograph. "It might be yours," she said.

Perhaps hardly that, but the resemblance was striking. Bartlett examined with some interest the faded face. A man younger than he. Yes: he, Bartlett, had looked surprisingly like that a year or two ago.

"My husband as a young man," the dry voice said at his ear.

"There is a resemblance, of course," said Bartlett. His mind jumped, hither, thither. What were they thinking to surprise in him? What did their glances hope to find? What were they out to discover? One of the sailor's little peccadilloes?

"You see?" she urged. There was perhaps a tremor in her voice. "Now look at this." He went with her to the fireplace in that far room. Above it hung a large portrait in a gilt frame.

Quite a good likeness, Bartlett reflected, but there had been an ease in the bearing of the sailor which the portrait missed. Probably he hadn't liked being photographed. Those sea-blue eyes had been given too hard a blue in the tinting. Bartlett placed the resemblance that had bothered him: this face was like his own.

"My husband, Captain Pandey, taken two years ago—just before he died."

Bartlett was silent for quite a long time. The lady had left his side and gone to the window. She stood there looking out at the garden. Bartlett was contemplating the portrait. His face was troubled, pinched, and white. "Drowned?" he asked at last.

"Yes. At first we thought he was saved: his name was among the rescued. But he wasn't saved." She seemed to have turned round. "He was devoted to me," she said.

"And you——?" questioned Bartlett, still looking at the portrait.

She didn't understand. "He was devoted to me," she repeated. Bartlett did not reply.

"Perhaps you are a cousin—some relative of his?" she questioned.

He was still silent. At last he asked: "Are you going to buy the cleaner?"

Her face was full of indecision, the eyes at one moment hard, at the next cloudy and perturbed.

Bartlett returned to the first room. He detached the cleaner. "I will allow you a pound on the other," he said.

"I can't make up my mind," she told him. "You must come again. Come and demonstrate again on Monday."

"I have cleaned this room very well," Bartlett said grimly.

"This is Friday; come again on Monday," she insisted. She still stared at him in that fascinated way.

Bartlett wiped his face. He had not removed his coat when demonstrating, not dared to risk the pocket . . .

He looked across at the desk. How easily the sailor had curled himself over it. Bartlett thought, "It's a fine desk; the kind of thing I might make myself." He was something of a carpenter.

As he looked about for his hat, "I tell you what," he said to her, "I'll give you a cleaner for that desk." He nodded at it.

"My husband's desk?" She was shocked. "He made it."

"I like the look of it. I'll swap you a cleaner for it."

"You haven't heard about the secret drawer? Mary hasn't been talking?" she demanded, her eyes boring him.

"No."

"There isn't one, anyway. I've had it looked over, and there isn't one."

"I like the look of the desk."

"You can't have it. He was devoted to me."

Bartlett shouldered his load, opened the door of the room and went out. Madam followed him to the door.

"Perhaps I'll have the cleaner. I'll see on Monday."

Bartlett opened the front door and stepped outside. The sun was hotter than ever. The strange boots were stabbing his toes. He remembered, with a cool smile, that he had left the old ones behind.

Madam called after him. "You'll come again on Monday?" she cried. Her voice was angry yet pleading.

"No," Bartlett muttered without turning his head, "I shall not come again." He heard the door uncertainly close.

Bartlett felt very queer and as if he needed some food. Odd things happened when you were in need of food. He put a hand to his pocket. The notes were there—real notes.

And he wasn't going to worry at this moment as to whether Captain Pandey in the spirit had given him the notes, or a rescued and lying-low Captain Pandey in the flesh.

Didn't matter tuppence till he had had some food.

His boot was giving him new hell, and here was a shoe shop. Bartlett turned in. While he was being fitted he ran over businesses in his mind, and inclined toward a small general shanty near a wharf.

Quite suddenly an idea struck him. He said aloud, "The name over the door shall be 'PANDY.'"

[THE END.]

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## PRINCESS BA.

(Continued from page 20.)

I remembered who I was, and lifted her arms away from me.

"I better take you up to the Hall now, Ma'am," says I, "seeing that you're took ill."

But she smiled at me queer like, standing first on one foot and then on the other. I see she wasn't in a fever no more.

"Zoe," she says softly, "how you like go away with me?"

"Wherever to?" says I.

"Anywhere, Zoe," says she. "Me want go away, other place." Me hate here!"

"Whatever would the Squire say?" I asks her, not knowing rightly what to say.

"No tell the Squire," she says. "Zoe loves me: me loves Zoe! Squire not allowing, me think."

I couldn't help laugh at this. What would Squire Williams think, and Mrs. Williams, if they'd heard her say this?

Then I saw she meant every word she said. I hadn't believed it at first: I thought it was her fever that took her and made her say it; but she meant it right enough.

I ought to have said no. I ought to have led her up to the Hall and left her there. But I couldn't. And she wouldn't have took no for an answer: she said so. She tells me she'd guessed all along the way I was feeling about her; and she felt the same way to me. And though she was a Princess and I was only a groom, she says it didn't matter: she wanted her own way with me.

Believe me or not, we did it. We started off that same minute towards Gloucester, where I knew there was a man would give me a job. I reasoned with her, but she kept on saying we must go at once, or else she'd go alone and nobody had any right to stop her. Nor had they. I reckon we was both mad, or I'd never have done it. She wouldn't even let me run down to Mother to tell her I was off.

"You send her letter, Zoe," she said, and I fell in beside her without another word.

But stop we did after we'd gone two mile or so.

"Me want other dress," she said. "People see me, tell Mr. Williams, then plenty trouble. Where get dress?"

We talked it over, and at last I made her let me go back quiet like and fetch an old dress of Mother's. I promised not to let Mother see me: I knew I could get the dress without her knowing. Mother kept the dress in a chest near the window, and I could get at it from outside.

The Princess didn't like me going, but she let me go.

It wasn't hard for me to run back home without being seen; it was a dark night. The window stood open by the chest, like it always did. I leaned in and took the dress, and I was just going off again when I heard Mother in the other room.

"Who's that?" she said.

I thought she'd heard me, but I was wrong, for it was somebody come to our door.

"Oh, it's you, Sally," Mother says, and I knew it was Mrs. Williams's maid, the one that was jealous of the Princess.

"Yes; where's Joe?" says Sally.

"Reckon he's out riding with the Princess," says Mother.

"Princess!" says Sally, and cackles with laughter. I always hated her way of laughing. Mean it was. "She's no more a Princess than I am," says Sally. "Lady Carington's just sent a message up to the Hall, and the Squire's that angry. Lady Carington says a friend of hers, a lady, used to know the Princess in Bristol, and she isn't nothing but a servant-girl that got into bad ways and took up with sailors and such."

"Rubbish," says Mother. "Don't talk silly!"

"I ain't talking silly," Sally goes on. "I tell you, it's gospel. That girl stole her mistress's money and run away, the very day afore she came here. There's a warrant out for her."

"What about that yellow man that spoke her language?" says Mother, and I could tell she didn't believe Sally's story, no more than I did.

"Mrs. Williams reckons he just pretended to speak it, so he could sell 'em all those clothes," laughs Sally. "You wait till she comes back to the Hall and see what the Squire does to her. He's that angry, he'll have her whipped."

I didn't stop to hear no more. I knew the story was all lies, for such a thing couldn't be true about my Ba. I'd watched her learning English

(Continued overleaf)







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*(Continued.)*

and finding her way about, as you might say. It was them Dutchies, of course. They'd made up this story just to get her back into their hands. I never got the rights of it, but it must have been something like that.

She was waiting for me just where I'd left her. I never told her nothing about what I'd heard: I wouldn't wish to shame myself that way before her. I just gave her Mother's dress, and she put it on, hiding from me in the bushes. Then we went on Gloucester way.

We was married there, in church and proper, as soon as I got work at the White Horse. Just for fun, she says, and so that the Squire won't never find her, she made me give her name as Barbara Yellow: she said this was the name she'd like to take, since her own was too foreign for English people. And she buckled to like a good one, and went into service at the inn. Think of it, a Princess working in service! We used to laugh between ourselves about this.

Of course, at first she couldn't understand half what people said to her. They used to think she was simple, but this was just her cleverness. But it wasn't long before she learned to speak English just as well as I did.

We never let on who she was. We knew them Dutchies would never rest till they run her to earth. We stayed together and worked and saved, and at last we saved up enough, one way and t'other, to take a house of our own Hereford way. We called it the "Eastern Princess." I daresay many a gentleman stayed there who'd have talked about it all his life if he'd known it was kept by a real Princess, as Ba was. But we never let on.

Thirty years we was married, and happy, with never a cross word or a doubt between us. Then she was took ill and the doctor says one day she couldn't last out many more hours. So then I asked the question I'd always had in my mind to ask her some day.

"Ba," I says, "we're going to part now, you know."

"I know, Zoe," she says, and she still called me that name.

"Tell me, Ba," I says, "have you ever told me a word of a lie from the first day we met till now?"

She smiled at me, for all she was in pain. At first she didn't answer nothing. She just looked up at me and smiled and squeezed my hand.

Then she says, "Why do you ask, Zoe? Has somebody been talking to you about me?"

"No," says I; "it's only an old story I heard thirty years ago—one of the Dutchies' lies, I reckon."

"That's right," says she. "You can't never trust anything those Dutchies say."

She never said no more, did my Princess Ba.

[THE END]

## FATHER, DEAR FATHER . . .

*(Continued from page 2.)*

rest after bringing her up so well, and acting as both father and mother to her.

The girl said nothing in reply. She didn't mind supporting Charlie. It was true he was getting old, and he had taken a terrific licking from booze over a period of years. Her only prayer was that he'd drink less. She no longer asked him to stop altogether. That would be impossible. But if he'd only slow up a little. . . .

She stood it as long as she could. Then, one day, when he had staggered out of the house weaving and lurching up the street, she decided that she couldn't put up with it another day.

Helen packed a bag that day and walked out of the house. Two days later, Charlie Waters sobered up enough to miss her. He made inquiries. But nobody seemed to know where she had gone.

He put on a clean shirt and shuffled up to the school building. He smiled ingratiatingly and asked to see his daughter Helen.

"I'm sorry," the principal said, turning away. "Miss Waters asked for a week's furlough. We granted it to her because she seemed on the verge of a nervous breakdown. She left no forwarding address."

Charlie muttered thanks and left. As he shuffled down the street, a general air of sadness, or maybe it was contrition, seemed to come over him. He stopped in to see Mrs. Grecco, who lived next door. Helen confided in her a lot. She'd know where Helen was.

The kindly faced Italian woman shrugged and said she didn't know where Helen had gone.

"I gotta find out," Charlie pleaded. "Please tell me. You don't know how important it is. I wanna get all this mess straightened out once and for all. I mean it, Mrs. Grecco. Honest. You gotta tell me."

The woman thought it over. Finally she sighed and gave him the address. Charlie wrote it on a piece of paper, and thanked her profusely. . . .

In her vacation retreat, the one-time little girl with the pigtailed was nervous and jumpy. She thought maybe that she had been too severe, walking out on the old man. But common sense told her that it might work wonders. It might make him quit drinking.

When she saw his handwriting on the envelope, she was overjoyed. It had worked! He was sorry. She cried with happiness as she tore open the note. But her joy quickly faded as she read the following:

"DEAR HELEN—I'm surprised that you do not know me better. We all make mistakes in life. So don't be ashamed of whatever you've done. Come right home. All is forgiven.—DAD." . . . [THE END.]



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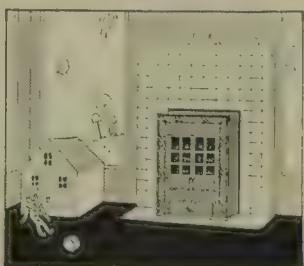
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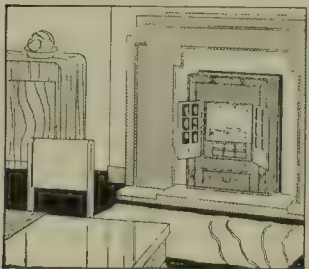
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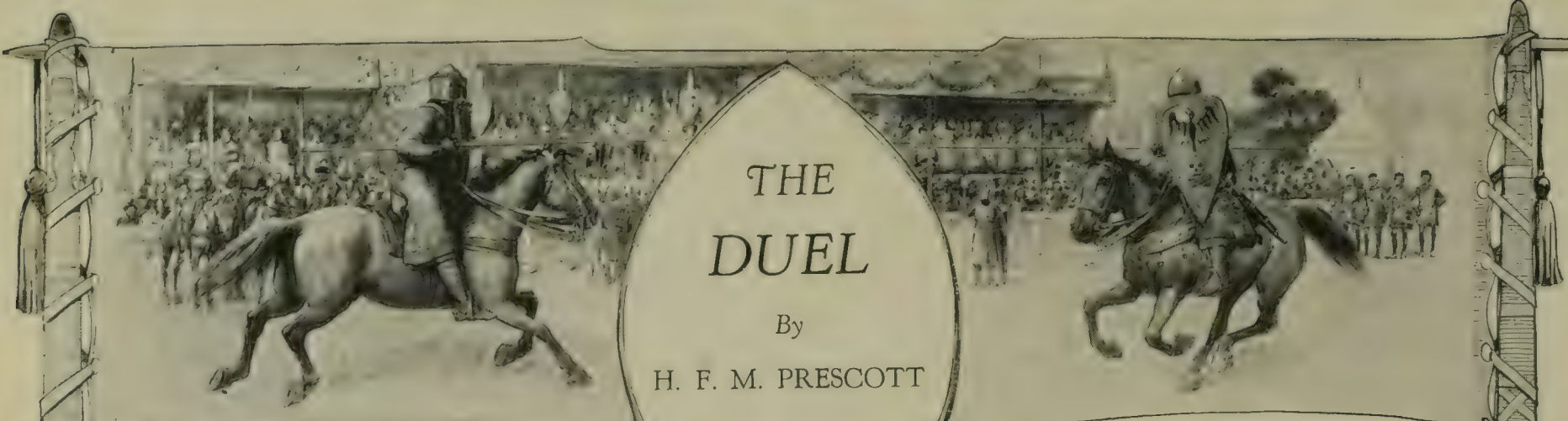
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# THE DUEL

By  
H. F. M. PRESCOTT

Author of "The Unhurrying

Chase," and "The Lost Fight."

**I**T was Dame Philippa who insisted on a meeting. She said that she hoped still to persuade Gaimar to tell the truth and admit that he had contracted his ward, the Ponthieu girl, to Lambert. Lambert said nothing; he suspected that what his mother really wanted was an opportunity of telling Gaimar what she thought of him, but he hoped—or rather, he wished—that by some miracle of diplomacy Gaimar might persuade his mother that she was mistaken. Gaimar consented to the meeting; he had no intention of changing his mind or letting himself be persuaded, for he wanted the Ponthieu girl for his own nephew now, and he had already paid Ferri of Cambrai to be his champion in the law duel. But he consented because Dame Philippa's rages rather amused him. The girl was not asked for her opinion.

So one morning early in September Gaimar rode from Saint Pol to Fauquembergues through the half-reaped corn-fields, with a dozen riders and a falconer, and beside him, on a grey pony, the Ponthieu girl, the cause of all the trouble. She did not look so important as she rode, stooping a little over the pony's neck—he never could cure her of that—with her face, in spite of the fine, fresh morning and the exercise, as pale and placid as ever. Gaimar, squinting sidelong at her, grinned in his white beard; this was certainly the very pattern of a daughter-in-law for Dame Philippa: the sight of so desirable a matrimonial investment would certainly quicken the lady's temper to fury.

Dame Philippa and Lambert met them with ceremony at the gate of Fauquembergues. Dame Philippa took up most of the gateway, for Lambert had to stand well to the wall to avoid the wide spread of her head-dress, since the flame-red silk of her veil was wired out like a tent a foot on either side of her face. Even without so generous a canopy, Dame Philippa was a considerable person; with it she was portentous. Lambert, for all that he was a broad-faced, heavily-built lad, looked nothing beside her. Yet he was dressed very gay in a green gown with hardly any skirts, and red hose, and black shoes with points so long that he was apt to trip over them, and a high red hat with two feathers in front, one red and one blue. But he lounged against the gate, very sulky, and only stood up at the last moment.

However, he came forward, held Gaimar's stirrup, and then, prodded on by his mother, lifted down the Ponthieu girl, poor Esclairemonde. Then they went in, Gaimar and Dame Philippa first, making remarks about the harvest, and Lambert after, gingerly holding Esclairemonde's limp fingers and making no remarks at all. But it was worse in the solar. He and his younger brothers waited on Gaimar and the girl with wine and cakes, and then the youngsters were packed off, Gaimar and Dame Philippa sat down on two chairs by the great cold hearth that had been filled to-day with fresh green branches, and Lambert was told to take Esclairemonde over to the window and show her the book—it was Master Jehan of Meung's story of the Rose, a very suitable study for two young things who ought, as Dame Philippa said pointedly, to be thinking of marriage.

Esclairemonde sat down on the cushions in the window and laid the book open on her knees a bit crooked and looked at it distantly; Lambert stood behind her, and stuck his hands into his belt and stared out over the two gilt horns of her head-dress, whistling without any noise and wondering what the devil he could talk to her about.

He said, so abruptly that Esclairemonde almost jerked the book off her knee: "This is good harvest weather. But it rained yesterday."

Esclairemonde glanced up and twitched her long upper lip like a rabbit, then looked down again, but she did not answer.

"Did you have rain?" Lambert asked; he had a certain inherited obstinacy. Pressed, Esclairemonde did not seem able to say for sure.

As conversation this was not brilliant, but at least it was enough to set Dame Philippa free to attend to her controversy with Gaimar. Lambert heard her begin with the familiar words, "Ten years ago, in this very room, you contracted the girl to marry Lambert. . . ." After that he did not need to think of anything to say: his mother's voice, increasing steadily in volume and passion, filled all the room.

The conference broke up suddenly. Dame Philippa, rising from her chair, shook both her fists under Gaimar's nose, and then, loudly summoned Lambert to defend his mother against this bully. . . .

Lambert came from the window. Esclairemonde came too. And then, solemnly, Dame Philippa adjured her son to say whether he was not eager to defend his right in battle, and force Gaimar to surrender to him his promised, his sworn, almost his betrothed, wife.

Lambert, thus appealed to, rubbed his cheek and shifted with his foot a pale purple head of catmint that lay mixed up with the herbs on the floor. It was a crisis, and he knew it, but he also knew that he was not equal to it. He wanted to say that he was not at all eager; that, in fact, Gaimar was very welcome to keep his ward; but a fellow could not say it just like that, not to the girl's very face. He hesitated, and lost his chance. Dame Philippa spoke for him.

It was only after Gaimar and the Ponthieu girl had departed that Lambert realised what a chance he had missed. For what could have been easier than for him to have declared that he would wed no maid unwilling, and that the Ponthieu girl, for him, was free. But he had not done it, and the law-duel was fixed for Michaelmas Day.

For the next few days Lambert avoided his mother, for her temper was short. Even an inquiry as to where Michel the steward had gone off to raised a storm. Lambert did not really want to know where Michel was; he couldn't stand the man; let him stay away.

But Michel did not stay away. He came back in about three days. Lambert saw him riding in from where he was watching the felling of an elm-tree in the Cross Corner Wood. At supper his mother was so cheerful and affectionate that Lambert supposed Michel must have brought good news of some sort. But when he asked again where Michel had been, Dame Philippa only patted his cheek and told him "not to be so curious, child." Lambert took his cheek from within her reach and asked no more. He was too much depressed by the approach of Saint Michael's Feast to be very curious.

On the morning of Michaelmas Day Lambert woke unwillingly. He knew, even before he remembered why, that he was better off asleep than awake, and he shut his eyes against the sunshiny light of the room. But it was no use; already he had remembered that he lay in the Antelope at Courtrai, and that it was the morning of the duel. He groaned, shouted for Michel, and rolled out of bed.

Michel had been Lambert's father's esquire and he did not think very reverently of Lambert. He came, after a minute, and Lambert remarked anew, with disfavour, his thin goat-beard and his sour face. They gave each other a grudging good morning, and but for that the business of Lambert's dressing was done in silence, until Michel picked up the padded gambeson—that Lambert must wear under his arms.

Then Lambert spoke. He refused to wear it. What! Walk up to the castle on a lovely morning, as hot as summer, in a thick, padded gambeson? Not he! Michel must put it in the bag with the arms and carry it up. Lambert would wear his new green gown.

Now and again Lambert was like enough to his mother for Michel to know that it was no use arguing. This was one of those times. Michel rolled and stowed the gambeson with Lambert's arms, weighed the bag in his hands with a very wry face, and said that if there was all yon load to carry he'd best start at once for the castle. And so he did. And that was how it happened that Lambert, still in very good time for his duel, strolled out of the inn yard alone and turned up to the right between the smithy and the Butter-Cross towards the castle. And that was how he came to lose his way, and to find himself in a little paved square that had a well in the middle of it and a small church on one side. The bell of the church was ringing for Mass; Lambert was not, in an ordinary way, noticeably devout, but it struck him that he had almost time to hear Mass before he went to his duel; and if he were a few minutes late it would do no harm. He went into the church and plumped down on his knees by the nearest pillar.

And that was how, by chance or under Providence, when his eyes grew used to the dull light of the church, he found that he was kneeling not six paces away from a girl, and so conveniently placed that he could stare without turning his head. And he wanted to stare. For the girl was a plump, small brunette, as ripe and blooming as a fresh ripe peach, and it did not make her any less agreeable to watch that her veil was woven all through with threads of gold so that it glinted; nor that there was a collar of rubies about her very pretty throat. All the same, after the first minute, Lambert was absorbed by a more important question—when would she let him see her eyes?

She let him see them; at least, she turned his way, just at the "Confiteor," and Lambert had to look hard and attentively at the pavement. When he dared to look at her again she was attending strictly to the Mass, but by the end of it, when he came to count up, he had seen her eyes exactly seven times; and they were of a warm brown and softly sparkling. When Lambert followed her out of Mass he had forgotten that he was on his way to the castle to fight a duel. He remembered it when the young woman of the ruby collar turned up the hill with her woman beside her. It was Lambert's way, too. It was obviously his duty to follow them. He did follow them, but alas! not far, for they stopped at a gate in one of the high orchard palings, and opened it and went in. The gate shut Lambert out.

But it had no sooner shut than there arose from that quiet orchard such a clamour as made Lambert's hair prick on his head. A woman shrieked. Certainly it was Lambert's duty to follow still. He burst open the door and dashed in. The waiting-woman shrieked again. The girl turned from staring up into the boughs of an old apple-tree.

"He's there! Up there!" she cried.

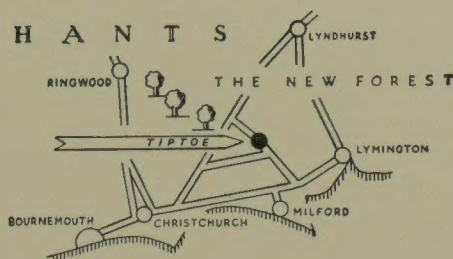
[Continued overleaf.]





# TIPTOE IN THE NEW FOREST

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(Continued.)

He went closer and peered up through the leaves. A small, sad face with huge, dark eyes was the only thing he saw; then an amazingly thin, small, dark hand clutching a branch.

"Is—is it a child?" he asked.

"No, silly, it's my monkey!" The girl stamped. "Catch him!" They did catch him at last, in the ruins of the gold-threaded veil. Lambert had torn his coat, and the girl's hair was full of leaves and twigs, and they were both very breathless. When the monkey had been handed over, bound, to the waiting-woman to take back to the house, they looked at each other in silence.

Then—"There's a bench down this path," the girl said, and began to go towards it. They sat down on the stone bench and stared at a young apple-tree, and neither of them could think of anything to say.

Then the girl said, with an effort, "I saw you in church."

"Yes," Lambert answered, "I saw you."

That was what they said, but somehow Lambert understood quite clearly that what she meant was, "Really, we have known each other quite a long time," and she knew that he was saying, "I was watching you the whole of Mass, and I can't take my eyes off you."

A conversation on these lines is very absorbing; besides, he had to learn that the monkey's name was Jehan, after the king, and that hers was Gille, and that both Jehan and her ruby collar had come from Alexandria in a cargo of her father's last Christmas. It was therefore no wonder that Lambert managed to forget his duel. But when he remembered it he stopped in the middle of a sentence, dumb with dismay.

"What is the matter?" Gille asked him.

He told her. He told her about Gaimar and his mother and the Ponthieu girl. He told her, staring dejectedly at the tips of his shoes, for the whole business depressed him extremely. But when he felt her edge away from him along the bench he looked up, and he saw that quite a different young woman was sitting beside him; her hair was brown and bright and she wore a collar of rubies just like Gille's, but she had a very haughtily tilted chin and a most discouraging proud mouth.

This young woman declared to the young apple-tree that if she were a great big, clumsy, hulking fellow she would be ashamed of being afraid to fight a duel. Then she said good-bye to Lambert and told him to go along to his duel and win it and marry his Ponthieu girl. And to show that she would not detain him she stood with her back to him.

Lambert got up too. "I don't want to win the duel. That's the mischief of it. I don't want to be married," he said doggedly.

"You don't want to be married?" she asked in a tone of general inquiry.

"No," said Lambert. "Yes—I mean—not to the Ponthieu girl."

"Oh," said Gille. "Well—!" and sat down again. Lambert stared at her.

"I'll tell you what," he said, suddenly resolved. "I shall see to it that I get beaten. I was wondering yesterday if I should, but now I've made up my mind."

"Why now?" asked Gille in a small voice, but she did not look up, and so she did not see him till his face was close to hers.

"Because I want to marry you, Gille, sweet thing," he told her. She was a young woman of character, but this was too much for her. The girl he comforted in his arms was rather a tearful creature.

When she was more herself again, Lambert felt that it was really high time to do something about the duel. He said that he must go, so that he could get beaten and let Gaimar win his case. But she only pulled his arm round her and nestled closer.

"There's an easier way than that," she said.

"What?"

"Stay here with me."

Dame Philippa was at Fauquembergues. Lambert drew a deep breath. It was indeed very easy.

"Of course," he said. "I hadn't thought of that."

He rode back to Fauquembergues next day. Michel rode a hundred yards behind; they were not on speaking terms. Dame Philippa must have seen them from the tower for she met them at the gate. She threw her arms round Lambert and loudly and emphatically thanked Heaven that had brought him safe back out of danger. Lambert stood firm, but he did not say anything of note until they were alone together in the solar. Then he remarked, as though it were news, that he was going to be married.

Dame Philippa looked at him narrowly. She wished that she had waited a minute to ask Michel if there had been any mischance in the duel. Perhaps a knock on the head.

"Yes, yes," she soothed him. "Esclairemonde—"

He interrupted her. "I'm not talking about her. It's Gille."

Dame Philippa came closer. She wanted to feel his head to find out if there were any lump on it. Gaimar's man might have been careless. But Lambert backed away from her.

The next best thing was to remind him of what had really happened. So she told him that he had won the law-duel, and that now Gaimar would have to give him Esclairemonde.

"But I didn't win," said Lambert.

He looked so sane that Dame Philippa lost her presence of mind. "But you did! You must!" she cried. "You couldn't lose! I paid Gaimar's man thirty pounds Paris to let you win!"

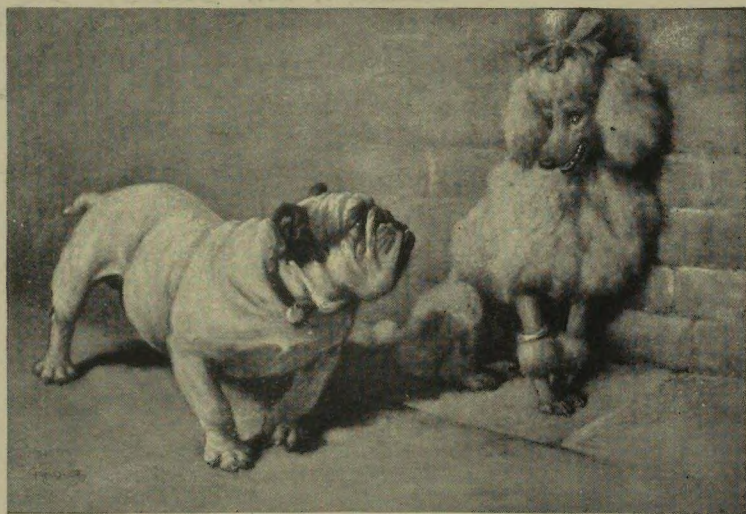
The narrowness of his escape struck Lambert dumb for a second. Then—"But I did lose," he said.

"How?" Dame Philippa sat down heavily by the window. He told her; and though he did not say which of them had thought of that easy way of losing, she seemed to know. She declared to Lambert, first, that he had broken her heart, and second, that she would never cease to regret the Ponthieu girl. This last was true; she never did. Gille gave great satisfaction as a wife, but little indeed as a daughter-in-law.—[THE END.]



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